THE

Adventures

OF

DICK DISTICH.

1207

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.
PHÆDRUS.

A two-fold gift in this my volume lies;
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.
1207

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

Dick Distich.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The Parish-Clerk pays a visit to Toby in prison —their discourse—and a dreadful adventure which the Knight of the Weeping Willow has with the Turnkey.

IN the last chapter of our second book, we left Toby in excessive tribulation, and the campassionate reader hath doubtless been in great anxiety about the fate of our crest-

 fallen

fallen Knight-errant. He had now been for some time in the county jail, and was beginning to despair: he had invoked Ratamouski until his jaws were stiff, and defied the enchanters until he became hoarse with bawling: he had, in the true spirit of chivalry, abstained from eating, and like a good knight bestowed many stripes upon his bare back; but he still continued a prisoner in spite of his fasting and mortification. His armour was likewise a heavy affliction, for Toby never ventured to uncase himself; and his helmet being tightly fastened with a leathern strap under his chin, confined his jaw in a most

disagreeable

disagreeable manner. His steed moreover hung heavy on his mind, and he could not forbear weeping when he considered that Dobbin might suffer as many indignities as his master.

He was thus ruminating, when Scriblerus entered his cell, to pay him a visit. No sooner did Toby behold the parish-clerk, than he enquired if he had seen any thing of the princess Ratamouski. "I tell thee what, (cried Scriblerus,) thou art an egregious blockhead, and wilt one day be hanged for thy folly. What can possess thee to fancy thyself a knight, and to travel about doing mischief?" "To

deliver the princess Rattamhusky," replied our champion. "Deliver a fiddlestick!" retorted Scriblerus, "what thou takest for a beautiful queen, is nothing but a deformed old woman, called Snapdragon."—"O impiety!" exclaimed Toby, "the divine Queen of the Golden Isles is under the power of that fell enchanter Anthroppumhayguts; and her charms are concealed beneath a mask of ugliness."—"Oh, Toby, Toby," cried the parish-clerk, "thou art far gone indeed! that mask which thou talkest of, will alas! never be removed; for Time is the enchanter which hath thus metamorphosed her. Thou

wert a sober lad before thou didst read those accursed books, that have since been condemned to the flames; but thy mind is grievously distempered, and a little wholesome confinement may prove an advantage to thee."—" Have I not endured all the hardships of a knight-arrant?" cried Toby, " have I not been beaten, kicked, pelted, and imprisoned?"—" And would to God," replied Scriblerus, " thou wert drubbed until thou should'st be unable to mount that wretched animal of thine, which thou callest a horse."—" And not deliver the princess Rattamhusky?" cried Toby.—" A plague upo thy deliverances!"

deliverances!" retorted the parish-clerk, with impatience, "the Lord deliver *thee* from such idle vagaries, and bend thy mind to honest labor. I plainly perceive that nothing will tend so much to restore thy reason, as a little further confinement; and recollect, that the only method to deliver thyself, will be to talk no more about delivering that imaginary princess whom thou callest Rattamhusky." Scriblerus having pronounced this, left Toby to his meditations, from which he was however suddenly awakened by the sound of a voice warbling the following ditty:—

SONG.

SONG.

O ! would my dear rogue but return to his wife,
And leave off his rambles, and settle for life;
My heart wou'd receive him, tho' terribly vext,
I'd hate him one moment, but love him the next.

Shou'd he fall on his knees, and my pardon implore,
And vow to be true, and forsake me no more;
I'd turn a deaf ear to his fulsome pretext,
One moment I'd scold, but forgive him the next.

Shou'd he press me so close, I wou'd never comply,
But kill the false rogue with a glance from my eye;
He should see there is scorn when a woman is vext,
I'd frown for a moment, but kiss him the next.

This was sung in a note tolerably melodious; and our knight fancying it ten thousand times sweeter than the music of the spheres, started up from his lethargy, and uttered the following ejaculation:— "O lovely princess! whosoever thou art, my bowels melt at thy misfortunes: Thy voice, (equalled by none but the divine Rattamhusky's,) hath charmed my very soul, already captured by the peerless Queen of the Golden Isles. Cursed be the monster that confines thee, and the knight who refuses to deliver thee!" He again listened, but instead of the soft notes which had before delighted

him,

him, he heard nothing save the confused bellowings of his fellow-prisoners. The turnkey now appeared, with Toby's portion of bread and water; our knight began to question him concerning the princess who had so much delighted him with her warbling. "I know of no princess," cried the fellow, "but as for the voice, why, 'tis nothing but the keeper's daughter, who sings night and day, because as how she's in love."—"Traitor as thou art!" exclaimed Toby, "I tell thee she is a high-born damsel; some lovely princess, whom the accursed lord of this

castle holds in his jeopardy; and by Saint George, I will revenge her wrongs!" So saying, he sprang upon the turnkey, whom he quickly overthrew. The fellow, urged by fear, called aloud for assistance, which brought the keeper and his daughter to the spot. Toby no sooner beheld the latter, than he jumped from the fallen turnkey, and prostrating himself before her, exclaimed, "This have I undertaken, O divine creature, for thy deliverance." The keeper who was no stranger to Toby's madness, and withal a man of some humanity, pacified the growling turnkey

with

with the promise of a pot; and the Knight of the Weeping Willow was once more left to indulge in meditation.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

Symptoms of love.—Dick's strange conquest over the heart of Mrs. Penelope Goose.

THE stranger had now become more familiar with Distich and the parish-clerk; and in various conversations had displayed so much good sense, that they entertained a very high opinion of his abilities; but the subject of love was carefully avoided, lest it should renew that poignancy of sorrow which appeared to be softened into a pleas-

ing melancholy. The following elegy, which he shewed our hero, may serve to give some idea of his poetical abilities:—

ELEGY.

Say, cruel nymph! how long must I complain,
And mourn in silence, and alas! in vain?
Oh! must my bosom (cherishing despair)
Pronounce thee still as obdurate as fair?
Fain would my Muse in mournful numbers flow
(True to the cause, and faithful to the vow);
But grief unfeign'd denies the aid of art
To paint the sorrows of a bleeding heart.

Swift flew the days, ah! never to return,
When first you taught my youthful breast to burn;

Sweet were the hours, that vanish'd as they
came,
When Hope suggested you approv'd my flame:
Not sweeter smiles than fann'd my rising fire
The warmest love could envy, or desire.

But, since I'm doom'd a sad reverse to know,*
And Emma's breast disdains her lover's woe,
Still shall my soul her matchless charms adore,
Dwell on her worth, and silently deplore;
With awe behold her, and with rapture gaze,
Nor dare one murmur, or a sigh to raise;
Pleas'd but to live beneath her beauty's ray,
Nor let her image from my bosom stray.

Where'er I go, whatever realms t'explore,
To Zembla's rocks, or India's burning shore,
Where the fierce sun, with unremitting ray,
Sheds all around intolerable day:

* Since then I'm doom'd a sad reverse to prove.
Spoil'd Child.

Or

Or furthest north, where wrapt in driven snows
The frozen earth no genial culture knows;
Where lofty mountains, towering on high,
Lift their proud heads majestic to the sky:
Still shall my bosom (faithful to her fires)
Feel Grief's sharp pangs, and Passion's warm
desires;
Each former scene my mind with rapture fill,
And leave my anxious heart in Britain still.

O Philomel! sweet tenant of the grove,
Say, dost thou raise thy tuneful song to Love?
Does that soft note which strains thy warbling
breast
Invite some tender mate to grace thy nest?
For love and peace thy gentle hours employ,
No venal views can damp each purer joy;
'Tis thine with melody the groves to charm,
And shield thy tender unfledg'd young from
harm:
Then, lovely bird! to thee can ne'er belong
That plaintive, soothing, melancholy song;

To mourn for her, lend me thy pleasing strain,
Who hears her lover sigh, but hears in vain.

When Death shall point his never-failing dart,
And still the tumult of this beating heart,
In kind remembrance of my love sincere,
Bedew thy lover's ashes with a tear.
Then shall my mem'ry not remain unblest,
And the green sod lie easy on my breast;
But, should one sigh within that bosom rise,
'Twill waft my fleeting spirit to the skies.

Dick Distich had now arrived at that age when the overgrown boy is metamorphosed into the man; *anglice*—he was one-and-twenty, and in truth a very handsome young fellow.

As

As his disposition was inclined to be amorous, it is not likely that he could have viewed the charms of Maria unmoved; nor is it altogether probable that the said Maria could look upon our hero with an eye of indifference, after the many rural walks they had taken together, when love seemed to be the theme of surrounding Nature. It hath been said that Distich would at times repeat the name of Maria with more than ordinary warmth; and furthermore declared that the damsel had been much disturbed in her sleep by the image of our hero. Scandal had buzzed many tales about the neighbourhood; but

but all to no purpose; the gossips were as usual on the alert, but nothing transpired to assist their powers of invention.

But Dick had made a conquest where he little expected, and perhaps as little wished for;—this was over the susceptible heart of Mrs. Penelope Goose, the wife of William Goose, tailor, lecturer, and psalm-singer. Penelope, (doubtless so called after the chaste wife of the renowned Ulysses,) was not altogether a stranger to carnal desires. Goose was a tailor; not that we allude to a particular saying—but certain it is that the nymph in question had permitted

the

the deacon to share those favors which her unfortunate spouse was no longer able to perform to her satisfaction.

Now, having indulged the preacher for some time, she chanced to cast her eye upon the hero of this history, found herself suddenly vanquished, and in due time informed him of his conquest. Dick was not over-pleased with the effects of his comeliness, and represented to her the danger of indulging a criminal passion. But Mrs. Goose was none of those formal nymphs who are slaves to refinement; she was plain and resolute, and would have come to immediate terms,

had

had not Distich departed abruptly from her presence, to avoid further solicitation.

Now it hath been remarked, that the rage of a slighted woman knoweth no bounds; and many terrible examples have been witnessed in different countries, at different periods. And what hath this been owing to?—Why, to nothing but the effects of refined education. How fortunate then was the slighted Penelope in not possessing those pernicious advantages! She, prudent nymph, instead of having recourse to the dagger or the bowl, contented herself with a little blub-

bering,

bering, and a few hearty curses; and ultimately consoled herself with the recollection that there were other young fellows in the village, who if not quite so handsome as Dick, were nevertheless ready and able to satisfy her reasonable desires.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

The arrival of some strolling-players.—An account of a tragedy, and the circumstances which attended its representation.—Our hero meets with Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, and is persuaded to join the company.

A COMPANY of strolling-players now made their appearance in the village. The ragged troop took up their residence in a barn, hired of a farmer in the neighbourhood, and deposited their moveables accordingly. The manager, a tall lean looking fellow, went about the place

place delivering his bills; and Dick, who had never beheld a spectacle of this kind, was anxious to be present; and having obtained the permission of Scriblerus, (who though no attendant at these amusements, nevertheless did not condemn them,) went in company with his daughter.

After the drum had beat its usual time, and a tolerable quantity of persons assembled, the curtain (which was a blanket) rose, and discovered a scene said to represent a castle, surrounded by rocks, trees and sky; but so miserably jumbled together, that it needed a similar explanation which a wise painter once

once inscribed at the bottom of his picture: "*This is a horse!*" It seems that this was the first representation of a new tragedy written by the manager, who was a bit of an author. It was a tragedy of the most horrible cast, and conformable to those rules prescribed for that species of composition. Thirty homicides were to be executed in the first act, for conspiring against their lawful queen, who was of the giant race, and married to two husbands, who were jealous of each other. The second act was distinguished by various battles betwixt the partizans of each spouse. In the third, one of the husbands

is slain, and his head brought before the queen at a banquet. In the fourth, the other is murdered by the giantess in his sleep; and in the fifth, (which was the most dreadful of all,) a dæmon appears, and after reminding the queen of her enormities, carries her majesty to the infernal regions; and the whole concludes with a chorus of devils, and a dance of imps, together with a shower of fire, and a river of blood. Such were the materials of the tragedy which the villagers had assembled to behold. Dick sat, and saw the thirty homicides killed with great composure. But here a specimen of consum-

mate art was displayed; for they walked in one at a time, so that the same person served to perform them all, and had the misfortune to be strangled thirty times. But when one of the husbands came forward, Dick recognized the features of Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, whom we introduced in the earlier part of our history, threatening to prosecute Mr. Titlepage for a libel. He paid much attention to the performance of this gentleman, which was but an ineffectual attempt to soar above mediocrity. But while the queen was speaking a soliloquy, an infant behind the scenes set up a very unmusical

squall,

squall, which so much enraged her majesty, that forgetting her dignity and situation, she retired a few paces backwards, and exclaimed, "D—n that hell-begotten bastard! I'll stop its pipe with a p-x:" and when silence was restored continued her soliloquy. Mr. Daggermar having bellowed himself hoarse, was at last killed, and the audience were not sorry for it, as he had been intolerably noisy during his lifetime. All now went on very smoothly until the last act, when a circumstance arose which created much merriment. A trap-door had been constructed for the purpose of raising a ghost,

and the queen was storming away; when stamping her foot, (for she chanced to stand upon it) the fellow beneath took it for a signal, and accordingly unbolted it. Her majesty was therefore let down in the midst of her rage, to the infinite satisfaction of the audience, who by loud shouts testified their approbation. This was followed by another adventure equally disastrous, that attended the representation of the shower of fire. The farmer to whom the barn belonged, had left a few trusses of straw upon the premises, which during the representation of that terrific shower, accidentally caught fire; inasmuch

inasmuch that they were obliged to call the river of blood to their assistance, which happily quenched the flame before any thing worse happened.

"And how didst thou like the players?" cried Scriblerus to our hero. "Methinks," replied Dick, "their performance was a burlesque upon Nature. I myself should not dislike the profession."—"God forbid!" cried the parish-clerk, "that thou should'st turn player; 'tis a disorderly life, and moreover a mighty ragged calling; for thou seest that even the manager himself could not keep a whole coat to his back."—"Yet

there is something in it," replied Dick, "that gives me a desire to become one of the ragged troop; their life is a continual scene of variety." —"Aye, and of misery, hunger, and sinful debauchery;" retorted Scriblerus: "What! woulds't thou leave the good fortune that awaits thee to mix among a company of strolling jack-puddings?" "Nay, nay," cried our hero, "they are regular comedians, and the manager is an author to boot."—"An author!" replied the parish-clerk, and how didst thou relish his piece?"—"Admirably," joined Distich, "it was written in the true spirit of tragedy; nothing like comedy in

it;

it; hail, rain, thunder, lightning, gods, tyrants, lovers, ghosts, banquets, devils, and masquerades!"—"It was indeed a surprising production," cried the astonished Scriblerus, "thou hast, my friend, seen more in a barn than I all my lifetime have seen in the world. The stage, when properly conducted, is an entertainment highly rational and instructive; but if once it grow licentious, becomes dangerous to society."

The curiosity of Distich induced him the day after to accost Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, who immediately recognized him, and inquired what had brought him

down into those parts. Our hero acquainted him with his present situation; and Peregrine finding him a person of some consequence, behaved with all the politeness that he was master of. "As for myself," cried the actor, "I have joined this company, having quarrelled with the London manager, because I would not do all his dirty work; my present companions are a shocking set, devoid of all decency. The life of a player is a chequered scene, and if any may be said to endure hardships, he is one of them: yet I would not quit my profession to be as rich as Crœsus; for a man can but be

happy,

happy, and I am well convinced that happiness is confined to no particular spot, or calling; it lies greatly in our own power to possess it; and any one who should think to obtain that enviable object by the road of wealth, might as well look for honesty in a Jew, or sincerity in a courtier.

"Gold? yellow glittering, precious gold? no, gods,
I am no idle votarist: Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Right, wrong; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha! you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave—
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again."

The player pronounced this speech with great vociferation; he stamped, and rolled his eyes in a hideous manner, asking Dick how he liked it. Distich replied, that he admired it much, but thought now and then he was a little too loud. Oh!" cried Peregrine, "I am an excellent modulator of my

voice;"

voice;" and then uttered a tender, passionate speech, in a tone something like the caterwaulings of a cat, or the dismal howl of a dog afflicted with the hydrophobia. Dick's countenance underwent a dreadful penance during this dramatic specimen, and he was more than once fearful of laughing in the actor's face. Peregrine now held forth on the agreeable life which the players led, and the more he found Distich inclined to think favorably of it, the more he spoke in its commendation. A young mind like that of our hero's is easily led away; and being of a volatile turn, longed to embrace a

profession which seemed to promise so much pleasure.

What was the distraction of Scriblerus when he learnt Dick's intention. The good man with tears in his eyes besought him to desist from such a fatal resolution. He dwelt with great force upon the danger of evil counsel, and cursed the hour that the strollers entered the village. Nor was the lovely Maria silent upon the occasion. But neither the sage exhortations of the parish-clerk, nor the tears of his daughter, (for it is recorded she shed many), could prevail upon Distich to change his design, for the theatrical dæmon wholly possessed

sessed him, and he was resolved to join the players without delay.

When Mrs. Meanwell became acquainted with these particulars, she rebuked her nephew very sharply; and urged him to give up the idea of leaving the village. But the deacon hoping that he might be killed in some unlucky quarrel, or that absence might wean the old lady's affection from him, seconded Dick's request with all his might; using every argument to shew the great utility that such an excursion might prove, by giving him a knowledge of the world. This advice had such effect upon the mind of the old lady, that

that she consented to his departure; but conjured him to avoid evil company, and return to the village ere long. She then gave him her blessing, and what was perhaps equally as agreeable, accompanied it with a well replenished purse. He likewise received many pious exhortations from the deacon, who even went so far as to shed tears; *(having a plentiful river ever at command.)* Mrs. Meanwell then addressed her nephew in these words:—" My dear child, thou art going to launch into a wide world, with which thou art as yet unacquainted. Beware of bad company, and evil counsel;

which

which if thou followest, will be the ruin of thy youth, and cause thee many hours of painful remorse and useless repentance.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Our Hero takes leave of his friends, on his departure from the village.

In vain did Scriblerus use every argument to dissuade our hero from his intended purpose: Maria was now silent upon the occasion; yet we are far from supposing that this silence was a token of consent. But Dick could not think of quitting the village without first taking leave of an old friend, for whom he

bore much affection. Be it known then, that this was no less than the celebrated Knight of the Weeping Willow, whose adventures we have taken such pains to record.

Distich, on being admitted into his gloomy apartment, found the knight upon his knees, in full armour; doubtless ejaculating something to the princess Ratamouski. "Dost thou bring any intelligence from the Queen of the Golden Isles?" enquired Toby, the moment Dick entered. "Alas!" replied our hero, in the same strain, "I bring none." "Oh, inexorable fair! Oh, nymph without bowels!" exclaimed Toby, "have

I then supplicated in vain?" Distich then informed him of his intention to leave the village. Nothing was better calculated to bring Toby to his reason than this information: he for a moment forgot Ratamouski, and though a knight-errant, shed a plentiful shower of tears. Our hero comforted him by the promise of a speedy return, but the poor fellow looking around him, fetched a deep sigh which seemed to reproach his friend for leaving him in a prison. Dick was much affected, and resolved to procure Toby his liberty before he departed: he then bade him adieu, promising to intercede with the enchanter,

chanter, and wishing him success in his attempts for the deliverance of his mistress.

When he reached the house of the parish-clerk, the first thing he did was to plead the cause of the captive knight: for it was to the exertions of Scriblerus that he owed his present confinement; as the dread of his getting into danger in the pursuit of chivalry, had induced the good man to apply for a warrant to secure him as a lunatic. Scriblerus declared that he would do all in his power to keep him in custody until he was completely cured of his romantic notions; nor could he help

casting some reflections upon our hero, whom he considered as the cause of the whole disaster: but the eloquence of Dick, and the soft persuasions of Maria, (who became Toby's intercessor,) ultimately prevailed; and they procured a promise that he should be released. Distich was fully satisfied with this assurance, for the word of the parish-clerk had never been violated, and consequently never doubted. When the hour of departure arrived, our hero took a tender leave of all his friends; among whom was the supposed misanthrope: the gentle spirits of Maria were much affected,

affected, and Scriblerus could only articulate: "Adieu, my dear child! and God be thy preserver from all temptation."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Dick joins the company of players.—Their mode of life.—Our Hero becomes enslaved by a fair damsel.—The rage of Daggermar.—A battle between two of the actresses.—The representation of a tragedy.—With many strange particulars.

THE hero of this history having joined his theatrical associates, took leave of the village to proceed with them on their tour. The company consisted of several persons, male and female, who appeared every way fitted for the life

life they led. The vehicle which carried their wardrobe, &c. was a kind of waggon, drawn by two wretched animals, not unlike the celebrated Dobbin so much spoken of. The manager was a civil sprightly fellow, with a deal of humour; all restraint was banished from the assembly; and the jests which the men repeated, were taken in good part by the females, who by loud laughs and significant winks shewed that they were not displeased with them. Mr. Daggermar appeared to be a great favorite among the ladies; he was continually whispering soft sayings in their ears, pinching their cheeks,

cheeks, and taking many other liberties, which neither did credit to his good manners in using, nor to their modesty in permitting: but indeed they were all helter skelter, and resolved to live merrily, though it might be at the expence of morality.

This mode of life being entirely new to Distich, did not a little excite his admiration; and he could not all at once be brought to forget his bashfulness, and join with them in their vagaries. Mr. Daggerman observing this, addressed our hero. "You must not be surprised," he cried, "if you should find a woman coquetting with another man, tho' her

her husband be at her elbow. We acknowledge no such a thing as cuckoldom among us, being at last worn out by long practice. I myself had a wife, but the jade took a liking to a brother comedian at Doncaster, so I e'en left her to please her fancy. There is at this time in our company a damsel, called Abigail, a pert, smart-looking wench, with some beauty, and a multitude of wit: she dances well, sings sweetly, and possesses great volubility of tongue: I had some mind to marry the wench; but when a man can enjoy a woman's favors for the mere asking, he is a fool to put himself in her

power by being confined in the noose of matrimony." The sentiments expressed by Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, shewed that he was a complete libertine, with no inconsiderable portion of impudence and self-conceit: he could not speak without shrugging up his shoulders, winking his eyes, and putting himself into some theatrical posture.

The Abigail of whom he had spoken in so modest a manner, was perfectly true to his description: she was well versed in the art of ogling, a finished coquette, and on, and off the stage, a most excellent actress.

From the first moment she beheld

held our hero, she determined to make a conquest of his heart. With this laudable resolution she began the attack, by putting into practice all the ogling and sighing that she was mistress of. She commended his handsome person, his genteel carriage, and polite behaviour. She would seize his hand out of pure mistake, and without the slightest meaning squeeze it violently. She would give him a most melting glance, sigh piteously, and make many arduous attempts to blush: her gaiety appeared to forsake her, and it was thought that Abigail had in good earnest relapsed into virtue.

Dick could not at first compre-

hend the libidinous leers, and lewd fidgettings of this artful nymph, but ere long, he began to unravel the meaning of her behaviour, and encouraged by the idea that he had made a conquest of her heart, flattered her in return, and tried every method to ensure her good will. The prudent wench, finding that her plan had succeeded, began to give herself a few female airs; and with a view of setting a higher value upon her favors, pretended many things, which we shall not pretend to give the reader. But Dick was resolved to spare no endeavours to triumph over the slender virtue of Abigail; and drew such

such tempting arguments from his purse, that the compassionate fair one at last relented, and made our hero as happy as a lover could wish.

But while Distich enjoyed this conquest, Peregrine endured the torments of the damned: he cursed the hour that Dick entered the company, and in the true spirit of rivalship, began to hate him with great acrimony. We are therefore inclined to think that Mr. Daggermar must have been under some small error when he related the history of his gallantries; for by his own account, he must have been as amorous as the great Mogul, and

deflowered more virgins than a Rajah.

The company now stopped at a town where the manager intended to stay for a short period. A barn being hired, and the scenes, dæmons, gods, and goddesses, with all the necessary articles properly deposited; the rehearsal of a new piece, (from the prolific brain of the manager) commenced, entitled "The Treble Murder, or the Bloody Assassin." Dick was appointed to a character in the piece, and gave great promise of excelling all his brother comedians. But a difficulty arose that created much disorder.

Now there was but one spangled female dress among the whole company: a quarrel therefore arose between the charming Abigail and a nymph called Prudence, concerning which should wear the dress in question. Abigail founded her claim upon being a queen, and consequently the better entitled to it. Prudence asserted that she was a princess; and why may not a princess be as fine as a queen? Abigail, gentle creature, positively declared that she would have it; and Prudence, discreet nymph, roundly swore that she should not. Abigail, displaying her fists,

asserted her superiority; while Prudence, applying her fair hand to her seat of honor, defied the said Abigail. Abigail at this indignity, attacked Prudence in such a manner that shewed she was no novice in the art; and Prudence was just directing her fists to the eye of her antagonist, when Distich appeared, in good time to make up the affair; and the question was decided, that Abigail should wear the spangled dress, which Prudence thought fit to resign.

All things being duly prepared, "The Treble Murder" was announced,

nounced, and drew a very crowded audience. Dick performed his part much to the satisfaction of all; but in a scene where two lovers are concerting means how they shall escape, one of them cries "*We'll fly by night!*" which unlucky declaration so much alarmed the master of the barn, who chanced to be present, that he started from his seat, and exclaimed—"Will you, ye raggamuffins! but if you do I'll be d—d." This adventure caused much mirth, but was soon succeeded by another infinitely more serious.

A countryman of the place had

been much smitten by the charms of a young actress, whose husband was one of the company. This Deborah, who was a nymph not over immaculate, no sooner found herself addressed by the clown, than she consented to crown his happiness, upon certain terms; and they repaired to the hay-loft to gratify their amorous propensities. Now whether time had in any way damaged it, or that it was too weak to bear this additional weight, we do not know;—but something happened which we trust will operate as a warning to all future lovers.

The husband of Deborah was

upon

upon the stage, in the character of the "Bloody Assassin," and thus addressing the gods:—

"Ye Powers who view my dark and bloody deeds,
From which the sun now turns his face with horror;
Thus I defy you:—Send your lightnings down,
Let peals of thunder rumble o'er my head,
Let rain, wind, thunder, water, fire, and air,
With all the force of elements combin'd,
Pour down their vengeance on me. I will stand
Fixt, and undaunted 'mid the raging storm,
And mock the vain attempts of angry heaven,
Who thus would seek with trifles to dismay me.

No sooner had the player pronounced this blasphemous oration, than a tremendous crash was heard, and the peerless Deborah descend-

ed from aloft, followed by the countryman. What was the confusion of the parties at this moment! Deborah arose, and made a speedy exit; but the clown, who stood trembling, did not take that advantage, and suffered the actor o belabour him in a terrible manner. It was a vain endeavour to restore order after this, and the remainder of the piece was but little attended to. The unfortunate Deborah did not meet with a single female advocate; yet it was said, that the countryman by the adventure got much credit among the maidens of the village, who discovered from this that he was a lad of

mettle;

mettle; which is a great recommendation to a young man, in all matters relative to courtship and matrimony.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Dick and Peregrine enter the lists for the sake of a fair damsel.

DISTICH continued to bask in the sunshine of the fair Abigail's favor: yet this caused him to make many grievous applications to his purse, to satisfy the demands of his rapacious mistress. But while he thus enjoyed her smiles, he was not so happy as he could wish, for his leading a life of debauchery was a painful

a painful reflection. The admonitions of Scriblerus would often recur to his mind, and the charms of his lovely daughter made him inwardly abhor the lascivious leers of a harlot.

But the pangs of jealousy still continued to rage within the bosom of Mr. Peregrine Daggermar; nor could he conceal the observation from our hero, who mischievously rallied him on the subject of his disquiet. The player, who was in no mind to receive the jests which Dick repeated, answered him in a manner full of resentment. Our hero conscious of no offence, retorted with equal acrimony; and

after

after much wrangling on both sides, Peregrine challenged Dick, who agreed to meet him accordingly. But after a little cool reflection, Daggermar began to repent his intemperate wrath; he cursed himself for being so rash as to challenge one who might chance to send a bullet through his brains. He indulged in the most horrible contemplations; the idea of an amputation chilled his soul; he considered what damage it would do to the beauty of his person, and that put him to indescribable torture. But while Peregrine endured this mental affliction, Distich was himself in no better state of mind.

He

He would have had no objection to engage with his antagonist at cudgel-playing, or fisty cuffs; but a pistol was altogether new to him, and he felt no desire to become expert in the use of it. The image of Maria continued to haunt him; he considered what little service the wise admonitions of the parish-clerk had done him, and the idea of risking his life for the sake of a harlot shocked him exceedingly. In this comfortable state of mind were both these heroes; each dreading one another, without daring to propose an ecclaircissement. The affair was kept an entire secret from the company, save the manager

and

and the husband of Deborah. Distich made choice of the former for his second, and Peregrine the latter; doubtless because he was a cuckold, and consequently a brother in misfortune.

The hour having arrived, the trembling combatants with their seconds, repaired to a suitable place to settle their difference. The manager, who well knew the cowardice of Peregrine, began to measure the ground, and fixed the distance at ten yards. "Ten yards!" exclaimed Daggermar, half frantic through fear, "rather ten furlongs."—"Pooh, pooh," cried the manager, "far enough in all conscience;

conscience; you will never hit one another; nothing will be done."—"Oh! Jesus!" exclaimed Peregrine, "we shall hit with a vengeance! Do, for God's sake, make it fifty."—"Ridiculous," cried the manager, "you will have no sport!"—"Sport!" retorted the quaking duellist, "do you suppose that we come to be knocked down like partridges?"—"I tell thee what," replied the manager, "I fear thou art nothing better than a coward; here, take your pistol, and stand to your ground." Peregrine took the weapon with fear and trembling, and Distich in a similar situation took his. The combatants

ants waited in dreadful suspense; until the manager, who was appointed, should give the signal. This being done, Distich fired; and Peregrine was in an instant covered with gore. But it was not his own, but some belonging to a swine, which the manager had conveyed into the pistol. Daggermar seeing himself covered with blood, and supposing that he was mortally wounded, let off his piece, and Dick was suddenly wounded by a paper pellet, with which the husband of Deborah had loaded the weapon. This part of the ceremony being performed, the seconds interfered. The manager resolving

to

to frighten Peregrine, declared that his wound was mortal, and offered to send for a priest. But the body of the actor being properly examined, and no wound found, it became a subject of wonder to know from whence the blood proceeded. Dick was also inclined to think himself invulnerable; for the pellet which he felt strike him with great force, had done him no harm. But the manager explained the mystery, and urged them to preserve good fellowship towards one another. "You were on the point of endangering your lives for the sake of a harlot," cried he, "and what credit would have attached

to the survivor, if either of you had fallen? If that pellet, (turning to Dick,) had been a bullet, where would have been *your* honor? And if all that blood, Mr. Daggermar, had been your own, the Lord have mercy upon *you!* To fight for a virtuous woman, is a ridiculous expedient, but to engage for the possession of a harlot is downright madness. This Abigail, who has been the subject of your dispute, is common to all; and I myself can at this moment command her favors. I would therefore advise you, Mr. Distich, to quit all correspondence with the wench, to whom you may be agreeable on account of

of your purse; and I would beseech you, Mr. Daggermar, to think no more of a jade who in all probability would have not been sorry to hear that you were killed for being fool enough to fight for a strumpet."

This seasonable speech worked a pacific effect upon the combatants, who shook hands, and thanked their seconds for the pleasant stratagem. Peregrine contrived to get rid of his blood, with the assistance of a neighbouring pond, and all things being amicably settled, the party returned to their companions. The lewd endearments of Abigail from henceforth became

disagreeable to our hero, which the nymph observing, demanded an explanation, making use of her usual quantity of sighs and tears. But Dick was now well aware of her artifice, and assured his princess that their acquaintance was at an end. Abigail finding all her attempts to regain her lover's affections unavailing, consoled herself with the laudable resolution of exercising her arts upon another, the first time that fortune should favor her with a proper opportunity.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

The introduction of a tragic and comic author.—Who they prove to be—with news of some old friends.

THE manager, who was a mighty facetious fellow, related many comical tales that he had picked up in his peregrinations. "I have two authors in my pay," cried he; "a comic and a tragic poet. The former is a clever good-tempered fellow, with a handsome young wife; and the latter an Irishman,

who would fain persuade himself that he was not born a fool. I am travelling to the next town for the purpose of meeting with these geniuses, whom you will then have an opportunity of seeing."

Upon the arrival of the company, who were great favorites in the place, they were greeted by the inhabitants; and Abigail began as usual to look out for some new admirer. They had not long taken up their abode, before their ears were saluted by a voice which exclaimed in the true Irish accent: "Arrah, honey! be aisey."—"O!" cried the manager, "here comes my Tipperary savage;" and a figure

figure immediately entered, which Dick recollected to be the person of Mr. Dermot O'Shinnaghly, whom his friend Mr. O'Whack introduced to him at the ball and concert. The Irishman did not retain the slightest knowledge of our hero, who was much altered since that time. "Well, honey!" he cried, "and here I am! Oh! such a tragedy;—here, one, two, three, all killed in one scene. I founded the plot upon a queen having *two twins*, and so they kill each other, and the *survivor* comes to the crown. Then I've made their pretty ghosts fly in *all together, one at a time*, and make a great hubbubboo."

hubbubboo." Mr. O'Shinnaghly having so far developed the plot, begged the manager to peruse it. "With all my heart!" cried the player, putting the manuscript into his pocket. The comic poet now made his appearance. - What was the surprise and emotion of our hero, when he recognized in that personage his honest friend and companion Pegasus Highfly, who hath made such a figure in the former part of our history. He saluted the manager, O'Shinnaghly, and Dick, (whom he did not immediately recollect,) and presented the former with a manuscript. Distich willing to surprise the author,

accosted

accosted him, by making an inquiry after his old friend Dick. Pegasus started at the name; he recollected the voice, and looking earnestly at our hero, exclaimed: "It cannot be!—Good Heaven!—*You* are surely the person of my dear friend." He then embraced him with energy, and Dick making himself known, a congratulation took place on both sides. The manager was surprised, while Mr. O'Shinnaghly with true Irish jollity danced about, singing a stave that he had composed upon a like occasion.

SONG.

"Och! by St. Patrick, my friend has come
back again,
This is the time for our frolics and jigs;
Now that I see thee, my Terence O'Whack
again,
We will get drunk and be merry as grigs.

Out wid the fiddles, the pipes, and the tabors,
Wid' their sweet noise let the welkin resound;
Here are health and success to our sweethearts
and neighbours,
And all the young damsels for fifty miles round.

Come young, and come old, here's enough to
content ye O!
Maids who want husbands, and men who want
wives;
Here are lads all so brisk, pretty lasses in
plenty O!
We sure may be frisky for once in our lives.

Och! by my conscience, my spirits are in a glee,
Bob, goes my heart all so airy and light;
Sure as my name's little Dermot O'Shinnaghly!
Care shall go home wid' the cholic to-night.

Fill me a bumper, dear Judy you shall again!
Here's health to our land, and her beauties so rare!—
None o' your blarney, my Teddy Fitzgrallaghan,
Och! you're the darling of Donnybrook fair.

Shelah, my sweetheart! come give me a smack again,
Dermot, my honey! return me the kiss,—
Give me thy hand, my friend Terence O'Whack again,
Was there ever a moment so happy as this!

After the first transports of their meeting had a little subsided, Distich was anxious to become acquainted with the circumstances that had brought his friend from the great metropolis. Pegasus, who hated long stories, told Dick that he had continued to drudge for old Titlepage, until that personage was imprisoned for publishing a libel from the pen of Aristarchus; that being by this circumstance thrown out of employment, and having entailed upon himself additional cares, (for he had married Fanny,) he had applied to different booksellers, but with little success; when Mr. Sable

generously

generously relieved their necessities, and supplied them with money sufficient to carry them down to the present place, where some of his wife's relations resided. That he now worked in the double capacity of tailor and poet; and the manuscript which he had just presented to the manager, was a comedy intended for representation.

Our hero then made many inquiries after his old friends, Mr. O'Whack, Fatalinida, and Mother Punchbowl. Pegasus informed him that Mrs. O'Whack had been troubled with strange whims, and had led her husband a miserable life; that she had doubled her visits to

the Nantz bottle, which had materially injured her understanding; for she fancied herself to be under the powers of inspiration, and thinking herself with-child, declared that she was to be brought to bed of a *Pope*. That afterwards a notion entered her head, that she was one day to reign a queen among the Indians, and impressed with this idea, she purchased a bow and arrow, blacked her face and neck, metamorphosed her gowns and petticoats into those coverings worn by the squaws, and began to practise the war-dance. O'Whack, half distracted with his wife's absurdities, tried every method

thod to restore her senses, and was practising that arduous task when he left him. The venerable Mother Punchbowl had departed this life, having left the whole of her property to Ebenezer Jargon, who had met with such success in his calling, and made so many proselytes, that he was building a chapel at his own expence.

Dick could not help smiling at Fatalinida's eccentricities, but compassionated O'Whack, who was a truly honest fellow. He joked Pegasus on his marriage, which the poet took in good part, and declared that he was perfectly happy in his choice. Our hero then re-

lated the particulars of his adventures, which afforded Highfly much entertainment, who laughed heartily at Toby's exploits. He expressed the highest admiration for the character of Scriblerus, and a longing desire to see his old friend and adviser. He condemned Distich for his folly in leaving the village; though at the same time could not help blessing the event which had been productive of this unexpected and happy interview.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Further Adventures.

A YOUNG fellow who gave out that he came from Doncaster, made his appearance before the manager to offer himself for a performer. This new candidate for fame spoke any language but English; his dialect being a barbarous mixture of all the provincial jargons: yet he represented himself to have been teacher at a school,

a school, and a perfect adept in the art of speaking correctly.

The manager, who loved a joke, seemed to approve of him, and desired to know his cast of characters. The stage-struck hero declared that they must be all from *Shikespur*, *Hotway*, or *Driedurn*; for instance, he was very great in *Omlet*, *Mockbeeth*, *Cryhollanus*, *Jaffire*, and *Willowroy*. The other, willing to carry on the jest, desired to have a specimen of his abilities, and chose the dagger-scene in Macbeth. The young fellow having started, or rather *leaped*, three yards backwards, began the soliloquy in an accent,

tone, and gesture, perfectly original; fixing his eyes upon a stuffed baboon which hung up in one corner of the barn. After he had finished the speech, the manager complimented him on his extraordinary acquirements, and, as a proof of the high gratification he had received during his recitation, gave him a recommendatory letter to a brother-manager, about twenty miles distant; lamenting at the same time his own company being full, which deprived him of engaging a gentleman whose merits were so conspicuous. The correct speaker thanked the player for his kindness, and retired with many

bows,

bows, or rather attempts at bowing.

No sooner had he disappeared, than the manager burst into a loud laugh, and asked Distich how he liked his tragedian?—"I suppose," cried he, "the fellow is some Yorkshire bullock-driver; the effrontry of these clowns exceeds every thing.—A blockhead, who knows no more of grammar than a hottentot, who has no better voice than a raven, and as much elegance as a Russian bear, will come and pester me with his ridiculous offers. I have sent him to another town, and when he presents my billet to the manager there,

there, he understands the trick, and will send him still farther; so the fellow may travel about the country like a pedlar.

Our hero now paid Pegasus a visit, who with Fanny give him a very hearty welcome. Their room was truly emblematical of his double profession: here lay a pair of breeches half stitched, and there, a sheet of paper half written over. Here were some of his manuscripts converted into tailors' measures, while the first book of an heroic poem had gone to make his wife thread-papers. Yet contentment, with its attendant happiness, reigned in their cottage; and what they

wanted

wanted in wealth they made up in good humour. The following production, written by our poet, was no doubt copied from Nature.

The POET *and the* BOOKSELLER;

A TALE.

A HUNGRY Poet oft had pray'd
The Muses him with poesy t'inspire;
He begg'd Apollo to produce his lyre,
But Phœbus and the Muses gave no aid.
"Zounds!" cry'd he, "when I creep to bed at
night.
I find no rest, my labour to requite,
Tir'd with thinking as I toss and roll in't:
And then by day am I most barely fed;
I bite my nails by times, and scratch my head;
I think I've almost made a hole in't.

The

The cash, with which I ought to dine,
I waste in paper—blot out ev'ry line;
My fate would sure the stoutest heart discourage:
And, tho' for rhymes I groan and strain,
The cash I earn will scarcely gain
Salt to my porridge.
Have I not oft, in frantic flights,
Soar'd to such vast *imperial heights!*
(For these I really think my best cuts;)
Flown to the moon, and rode upon it,
In ode, in elegy, and sonnet;
In spite of Bedlam and strait waistcoats?"
Thus mourn'd the Poet, with his heart quite full,
When, lo! *a thought sublime* popp'd in his skull;
He takes his pen, and writes it down,
Fir'd with delight—when, lo! another
Came on the shoulders of its brother,
Worth more to him—than half a crown.
And next *a simile* succeeds;
The Bard his verse with rapture reads,
And thanks the Muses for their kind support:

And

And, like a modern bard, designs
To spin a thought to fifty lines;
  So you may think the poem wasn't short.
He now repents, as he was much too hard on
Apollo and the Muses—so begs pardon.
Straight to a Bookseller he goes,
  Offers the poem;—begs he'll read it;—
  "Also lay down some cash, for 'faith I need it."
The Bookseller, with spectacles on nose,
And phiz sedate, turns o'er a leaf;—
"Hum,—Ode to Joy, and one to Grief,
  A Sonnet on my Love for Thyrsis."
The author cries, "Upon my soul,
Indeed, good Sir, *I wish you'd tip the cole,*
  As I'm in want of cash, so low my purse is."
"Aye, that may be, but I ne'er take the chance,
To pay for any doggrel, *per advance;*
  And this is not the best, I fear.
Call in three days, at any rate;
You then shall know your poem's fate."
Three days elaps'd;—again he hies
  To him he lately wish'd at Davy's locker;
Impatience blazing at his eyes,

He

He rapp'd so hard—he almost broke the
knocker.
This pass'd unheard; in high poetic airs,
He rapp'd again, so loud and strong,
That rous'd sweet Polly from her pray'rs.
She opens the door—the Poet swears—
And wonders how the hussy dares
To make him stay so long.
Poor Polly, thinking by his look
That *he* was none of the inspired train,
Declar'd such insult she would never brook,
And for the future he might knock in vain.
The Bookseller appears, to end dispute,
And Polly and the Poet both were mute.
" Sir," cries the Bard, 'twixt hope and fear,
With rev'rend bow, and cringing leer,
" I hope you find my poem answer;—
For, by my stomach's inward croaking.
It will not relish longer joking;"
" No, hang me if it will, or can, Sir."
The Printer then, with look sedate,
Pronounc'd the hapless Poet's fate :—
" My friend, I've read your poem with
attention,

'Tis not correct,—
A great defect!
The nouns are in the wrong declension.
Observe the verbs,—
As thick as herbs,
All active, where they should be neuter:
Your verses, how they limp and stammer;
Sure, by this specimen of grammar,
The bellman must have been your tutor:
But still I've labour'd all I can,
And swore 'twas written by a learned man:
Indeed, I'd nearly lost my credit.—
Which lost, a man is better dead,
For ev'ry individual who read it
Declar'd the author had an ass's head.
Determin'd to get *something*, I did pop
Into each little chandler's shop;
I said a verse like this would ever live:
The people swore they would'nt give
A single piece of bacon, or a mop.
Tir'd with such usage, such gross meanness,
My patience I could scarce retain;

When

When thinking on your poverty and leanness,
  Out of compassion I essay'd again.
To an old woman with a softer heart
  I did your doleful tale relate;
  She pity'd much your miserable fate,
And said she would some charity impart."
  "Yes," cry'd the wither'd hag, "I know him,
  I'll buy the *paper*—never mind the *poem*."
"To her I sold it, (you may bless the chance,)
  And for your sake began to scrape her;
Here is a *sixpence*; she would not advance
  Another; no, not even for the *paper*."

Distich now returned to the manager, whom he found perusing a letter, and laughing immoderately. "If

"If you want to read a specimen of the sublime," cried he, "look at this; for of all epistles, ancient or modern, this outdoes them by a bar's length." Dick then took the letter, and read the following:—

"As the decrees of fate are fixed and immutable; and that it would be as easy to change the course of that great *luminary of light*, the sun, as to alter what our stars have ordained; and that it would prove a lighter task to overturn the vast fabric of the *terraqueous earth*, than to divert the tide of our inclinations

clinations from their proper bent: Know then, O sage Dictator of those great personages called Players! that I, thine unknown correspondent, have come to the determination of enrolling myself in that thrice worthy and respectable society. Not all the waters in the *aquatic ocean* can wash the precious idea from my mind! A divine impulse stirs within my soul, and, like a whirlwind, hurries me to the completion of my purpose.

"ARTISMYRANDA."

"Now is not this," cried the manager,

manager, " a wonderful attempt at the sublime? Charming tautology! " Luminary of light! Terraqueous earth! Aquatic waters!" Well, we shall have the pleasure of beholding this Artismyranda: pray God she be not mischievously mad! A cursed Jezebel (whom the devil confound!), while she was raging away in the rehearsal of a character, suddenly flew upon me, and being as powerful as a fury, disciplined me in such a manner that my life was in danger." Our hero was all anxiety to behold this extraordinary character, and the manager no less so: yet his curiosity

was

was a little tempered with fear, being not over desirous of engaging with another Tysiphone.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Book the Fourth.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Artismyranda appears.—Who she is.—With many strange discoveries.

THE manager and our hero were discoursing together, when their ears were saluted by a voice which exclaimed: "Is the manager to be beheld? If so, tell him that

I, Artismyranda, would hold converse with him." "O, ho!" cried the player, "here comes the sublime nymph; I must prepare for her ladyship," taking hold of a chair. Distich was full of expectation, when a tall lean figure of a woman stalked in, whom he, with infinite astonishment, recolleted to be the celebrated Fatalinida, of whom the biographer hath made such respectful mention in the former part of this history. 'Where is the director of the company?" she cried. "Speak, I charge ye, let me not burst in ignorance, but tell where I may find him." The manager perceiving

ing as yet no very dangerous symptoms, ventured forth, and politely told her that he was the object of her inquiry. Fatalinida falling upon one knee, exclaimed, "Great potentate, behold one who would enlist under thy banners." A figure now appeared, which was no other than Mr. O'Whack; his hair was long, and hung about his ears, and his beard bristly and black. "Don't mind her, honey!" he cried, "the good cratur's as mad as a cat in the dog-days." The lady hearing this, rose from her posture of humiliation, and walking sternly up to her husband, exclaimed, "What, brute! do you

fancy yourself Cardinal Wolsey in this house?"—" D—n Cardinal Woolsack!" cried the frantic Terence, " here I've been following you about like a greyhound." Mrs. O'Whack turned from her spouse with disdain, and addressed the manager:—" Most potent, grave, and reverend signior, my very noble and approved good master; that I have ta'en this blockhead for my husband, true 'tis a pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true: I could a tale unfold!"—" D—n your head, and tail too!" roared Terence, " I have been tagging after your tail with a vengeance."—" Out, damned spot! one, two, three; hell's murkey."

key."—" I sha'n't out," cried O'Whack, " I'm none o' hell's monkey! but rather a cursed fool for being plagued to death by such a gawky p—ss-kitchen. Here, gentlemen, I married this crazy b—h out of pure charity; and this comes of my being such a judy."— " Is not your name O'Whack, sir?" cried Dick, addressing the Irishman. " Aye, and to be sure it is;" was the reply. " And did you not know one Dick Distich?"— " By the Lord I did!" replied Terence, " and a sweet babe he was! He may remember when I took this crazy old —— but no matter." Our hero then discovered

 himself,

himself, which so much overjoyed the Hibernian, that he very nigh smothered him with embraces. Fatalinida, in spite of her whimsicality, was also very glad to see him, and taking his hand, exclaimed, "Cousin of Buckingham."——"I tell thee," cried O'Whack, "he an't Cousin Buckram, but Dick Distich the author."—"I am glad to see you well," continued the heroine, "but what in faith make you from Wittenberg? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."—"That you will, I'll warrant," cried Terence, winking at the company; "good wholesome Nantz; but why don't you

speak

speak to him like a friend?"—"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation cop'd withal."—"The gentleman don't want to hear your orations!—ask him how he is,—say you're glad to see him;—not remember your old friend Dick?"—"Brother of Norfolk, you mistake the matter.—I know him well, but that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house."—"The devil fly away with you!" cried the impatient Irishman, "it an't a prison-house, but a good handsome parlour.—O! she's as mad as a March hare; I must confine her."—"Ha! well said, old truepenny! Well said,

 old

old mole! A worthy pioneer."—"Ah!" cried O'Whack, "I was a mole when I married, but now my eyes are open."

The manager who had all this time been viewing Fatalinida with silent admiration, asked her business with him. "I am come," said she, "to join your company, that I may astonish the world with my vast powers. I will take any character, male or female." O'Whack now begged permission to speak a few words. "This lady is my wife, and I am a gentleman; I do therefore desire that she mix not with the player-folks, who are a set of ragged blackguards; nor

must

must any one pretend to kiss her, or seek to corrupt her morals." This injunction produced a laugh at the expence of Terence; and the manager inquired what benefit she expected to reap from her exertions. "No other than the public approbation," cried the stage-struck fair. O'Whack, who was himself infécted with some grain of pride, declared he was willing to let his wife gratify her foolish inclinations, but would by no means accept of any consideration for her labours.

The comic and tragic poets now arrived, and Terence discovered his two friends Pegasus Highfly, and Mr. Dermot O'Shinnaghly. Their

meeting

meeting afforded mutual satisfaction, and the former asked him if his wife had given up her idea of being a squaw. "Ah!" groaned Terence "and the devil has put something worse into her head." "My lords, I greet ye both," cried Fatalinida, addressing the dramatists. "There!" joined O'Whack, "she takes every body for quality; She called Distich, cousin Buckram, and told me, I was Cardinal Woolsack." "Pegasus compassionated Terence, and asked him if he did not think it proceeded from a too frequent use of the ***" making a motion like that of drinking a dram. "Why I believe so;" replied the

Irishman,

Irishman, "I would give a thirteen, to smuggle her Nantz-bottle; but she keeps it in her pocket by day, and under her pillow by night." Fatalinida now started back, and fixing her eyes on vacancy, exclaimed: "On him! on him! look you how pale he glares; his form, and cause conjoint! preaching to stones, would make them capable." "Lord have mercy upon us!" cried O'Shinnaghly.—"Pooh! pooh!" joined O'Whack, "she's mad! talking about her joints preaching to stones." Dick, Pagasus, and the Manager, laughed heartily. Fatalinida continued in the same posture, with her body distended, and her legs stretched

stretched wide apart.—" See where he goes, even now out of the portal." " O, ho!" cried Terence, " she fancies herself on-board ship, talking about port-holes. Sometimes she calls herself a monster, then a princess, and the devil knows what." When she was a squaw, she blacked her body all over, and began to practise the war-dance. One night she jumped out of bed, and seizing the chamber-pot, emptied the contents upon me, crying: " Let Cæsar's blood overwhelm the guilty Brutus." At another time she almost smothered me with a pillow, because she wanted to murder some woman that she called Desdemona. Here

I have travelled all over the country to please her, and at every place we stop, she gets me into some hobble. She collared an old gentleman in the coach, and asked him to prove her love a whore; and threw her arms round a fat quaker's neck, crying, "Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!" Lord, gentlemen, if I were to mention half her pranks, I might talk for a month. She kisses one, curses another, and affronts all. I have been challenged six times, and all through her d——d lunacy. While she was a squaw, I had a dozen black fellows every day in my house, eating me to death; and when

when she was going to be delivered of a pope, I had a whole brotherhood of Catholic midwives in readiness to receive his holiness.

Though all pitied O'Whack, they could not help enjoying the eccentricities of his wife. "Am I then, great potentate," exclaimed Fatalinida, addressing the manager "to grace your boards?" The player answered her in the affirmative, telling her that she should have a principal character in Mr. O'Shinnaghly's tragedy, of the "*Deluge of Blood!*" The tragic author then stepped forward, and assured Mrs. O'Whack, that the part of *Gobbleanda, Queen of the Cannibals,* would

would give her an opportunity of displaying her talents in the *war-dance*; which gave great pleasure to the stage-struck heroine. Terence overjoyed at meeting with his old friends, resolved to be merry; and Dick Pegasus, O'Shinnaghly, and the manager, adjourned with him to a neighbouring tavern, for the purpose of drinking each other's health; and being in the course of the evening called upon for a song, he entertained the company with the following.

SONG.

SONG.

If you marry a wife,—she's the plague of your
life,
And your days are all spent in tormenting and
strife;
If young, or if old, she's a slut, or a scold,
Too stiff and too prudish, too forward and bold.

If old, she is crabbed, from nature or habit,
If young, why, egad she will breed like a rabbit;
If wise, she'll exhort ye, if rich, she will thwart ye,
And spend thrice as much, as her ladyship
brought ye.

If pretty, why then she's ador'd by the men,
And you're cuckolded over, and over again;
If ugly, good lack! and a hump on her back,
She must walk through the world, with her head
in a sack.

If tall, or if squat—if a saint, or a sot,
If buxom young maidens, if widows, or wives,
If fat, or if lean, from a drab, to a queen,
Still woman is ever the plague of our lives.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The first appearance of Fatalinida—and the dreadful consequences that attend it—our Hero makes a strange conquest—and a consultation, relative to cuckoldom.

Abigail, the tragic heroine of the company, was not very willing to give up her character in the new piece, to Mrs. O'Whack: but the soothing expressions of the manager prevailed, and she consented that Fatalinida should play the queen of the Cannibals. Dick had to perform

form the part of an infernal prince, called Hellfiros, and Daggermar was to personate a hero, who was christened Scaramoucho: the other characters were adjudged to the remainder of the company, according to their respective merits.

O'Whack whose pride was much hurt at his wife turning stroller, hit upon a scheme which he hoped would give her some disgust for the profession. He had by the most indefatigable industry, got possession of her Nantz-bottle, and infused a quantity of jalap in the liquor, sufficient to work no very trifling effect. As he knew it to be her constant rule, to take a dose upon

all

all occasions, he did not doubt but upon such an important one as the present, she would swallow her accustomed quantum. In this suggestion he was not deceived, for the bottle being replaced, his unsuspecting rib took double her usual allowance, without discovering the treachery that he had been played upon her.

Terence, and the tragic author (to whom he kept the plot a secret) stationed themselves in the barn; one to see what effect the jalap had upon his wife, and the other, what effect his piece had upon the audience. With these different intentions they impatiently waited the

appearance of Fatalinida, who at last stalked upon the stage. The heighth of her figure, her excessive leanness, added to her unprepossessing countenance, and awkward gait, made no very favorable impression upon the audience; but when she spoke, the shrillness of her voice operated like a charm upon them, and their hisses became loud and incessant. Dermot began to quake for the fate of his tragedy, but when Distich appeared, his fears gradually vanished, for he spoke a favorite speech so much to the author's satisfaction, that he was loudly applauded, while O'Whack declared him to be a promising brat.

But e're one half of the tragedy was got through with, the potent dose began to work visible effects upon the heroine, who gave various twists, and made many wry faces. Terence beheld these symptoms with great delight, and hoped that the draught would effectually rid her brain of those whimsies which had of late perplexed it. Dick though a stranger to the plot, was the first to observe her inward workings, which he thought might be only counterfeited; but the tortures of Fatalinida admitting of no disguise, she was obliged to disclose them to her female companions, which caused her a tempo-

rary absence from the stage. But the patience of the spectators, being worn out, (for Mrs. O'Whack continued some time in extremity) the manager was obliged to come forward, and disclose the forlorn situation of the queen of the Cannibals; promising her re-appearance, the moment that the tumult in her majesty's bowels had thought proper to subside. Terence was far from pitying his wife's sufferings, but Dermot sat upon thorns, not so much for the sake of the actress, as for that of his piece. The pangs of Fatilinida having granted her some respite, she again made her appearance, but the effects of the

potion were still visible in her, she trembled violently, and uttered her words with difficulty. But alas! those pangs now returned with double violence; and she had scarcely began the war-dance, before they compelled her to make a speedy exit. But our hero's appearance that night, caused something, which it is our duty as a diligent biographer to record.

The rib of a substantial yeoman in the town, had unluckily taken it into her head to be present at the late performance. This woman might love her husband very well, because he contrived to keep her breeding once every year; but the

smart appearance of Dick had so won her heart, that she felt determined to indulge this criminal passion.

Now Mrs. Gammon was what the world calls "*a mighty good sort of a woman.*" She recollected that Gammon made a very tolerable husband, and if he said little, why he did a great deal. That he got drunk but once a day, never swore but when he was in liquor, and went to church every sunday. He was moreover a substantial farmer, and a strong man: but the comeliness of our hero presented itself to her view; she beheld him, lusty, elegant, and replete with vigor,

 and

and welcomed him as the idol of her heart.

She was in this state of mind, lolling in bed, (for her husband had departed early that morning to enjoy the pleasures of the chace), when her maid entered the chamber. "Diana!" cried Mrs. Gammon, for that was the nymph's name, who was doubtless called after the celebrated goddess, so renowned for her chastity, "I am very unwell; come hither, child, and sit by me." *Diana obeyed.* "Tell me how thou didst like the young performer last night?"—"La'a, ma'am," replied the wench, "I likes no young fellows!"—"Come, come," joined

joined the mistress, "we are women, frail women, Diana; and we are by ourselves; tell me how you liked him; (describing Dick's person,) speak freely."—"Why ma'am, as we're alone, I thinks him a mighty proper man."—"And could'st thou love him?" cried Mrs. Gammon. "I love him!" joined Diana, blushing, "I love no men fellows!"—"That is false," cried the farmer's wife, "we are both flesh and blood, Diana, and have our feelings, and our longings. But say, child, dost thou think such a man deserving a woman's esteem?"—"Aye, to be sure I do!" replied the wench. "Give me thy hand, then;" cried

 Mrs.

Mrs. Gammon, "thou hast been a good girl, and I will reward thee. It is in thy power to make me happy;—could'st thou be secret?" —"Yes, please you, ma'am," replied the prudent Diana. The infatuated lady then disclosed her passion for our hero, which intelligence was received by the damsel with evident marks of astonishment; but Mrs. Gammon was too well versed in the arts of women to give credit to all these demonstrations, and with a few golden arguments brought Diana to her terms, who consented to become accessary in planting a huge pair of horns upon the forehead of the

farmer.

farmer. They now began to consult how they should acquaint Distich with his success; and in this consultation we shall leave them out of pure good manners.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR ATI MAHAL

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Our Hero's interview with Mrs. Gammon.

THE passion of love had fixed itself more firmly in the breast of our hero than he was aware of; and Cupid had wounded him much deeper than he imagined. The natural gaiety of his disposition tended greatly to deceive him; he had left the village out of a pure love of rambling; that desire was in

in some degree satisfied, and he began to think on the old friends he had left behind. The maxims of Scriblerus he cherished in his memory as treasures of the highest value; the charms of his lovely daughter had made a deep impression upon his mind, and he could now be said to love her with all the ardor that belonged to his youth.

We hear of sparks who can repeat to their mistresses a flowery speech, with as little meaning in it as a city address: and of shepherds who can utter a soliloquy which would puzzle an ordinary capacity to unriddle as much as an Arabian manuscript; fulsome as a

well-paid funeral sermon, and more overcharged than a doctor's bill. Now Dick was none of these swains; for though no one had a greater flow of speech than himself, yet when he addressed Maria he appeared to want words, and his inviolate respect overcame every other pow r.

The chaste Diana having been on the watch for some time, discovered our hero alone; and taking this opportunity, delivered him a letter. Distich somewhat surprised, took the billet, and upon opening it, found the contents to be the following:—

"Sir,

"Sir,

"If the affections of a woman have any charms for you, you will take advantage of what fortune hath thrown in your way, by following the bearer of this, who will give you some intelligence of your

"Unknown."

This laconic epistle did not a little puzzle Dick; he was inclined to humour it, and having accompanied Diana to some retired spot, came to an explanation; and it was agreed that he should repair to the house of Gammon that evening.

Soon

Soon as the heavy hand of time had sounded the ninth hour, our hero sallied forth, big with the cuckoldom of the honest farmer. He pictured to his mind a nymph full of beauty and desire; but on the other hand he considered that she might prove old, ugly, and withal exceedingly amorous. The rage of the husband, should he discover hem, next took possession of his thoughts; the idea of a cudgelling chilled his soul, and he was more than once inclined to turn back, and give up the intrigue. But then his honor was engaged, and the revenge of the slighted woman might induce her to have recourse

to poison, or some other dreadful expedient. With these reflections, and a lurking desire to oblige the unknown, he pushed forward, and in due time arrived at the habitation of Gammon, where he found the trusty Diana ready to conduct him to her mistress. Not a word passed on either side, but Dick was introduced into the chamber of the farmer's wife; the lady was dressed in a genteel dishabille, reclining on a sopha. The prudent wench then retired, leaving the couple to their own discretion.

Our hero now found himself in a very awkward situation; but, resolving not to appear like Abra-

ham Slender, in the play, he summoned his courage, and addressed the nymph in a high strain of gallantry; for she wanted neither beauty nor vivacity to make her agreeable. Mrs. Gammon of course seemed mightily confused; she talked abundantly about her virtue, and the censure of the world. She then opened her battery upon Dick, and played so many ridiculous airs that might have made her pass for a woman of condition. Dick seeing by this, that she was not to be trifled with, returned her glances, and fell upon his knees like a stage-player, addressing her in the style of a

finished

finished enamorato. Mrs. Gammon now suffered Distich to ravish a kiss; and being in the melting mood, was on the point of crowning his bliss, and her husband's forehead; when Diana knocked at the door, with the unwelcome intelligence that the farmer had unexpectedly returned, and was inquiring after his wife. This information had a wonderful effect upon Dick, who entirely forgot his amorous inclinations, and began to consider how he should escape. He opened the window and looked down, but his heart sickened, and he was not over desirous of taking the lover's leap. The voice of the

farmer

farmer was now heard vociferating the name of his wife. "Rachael, I say!"—"Coming my dear!" replied his immaculate rib. "Coming!" retorted the husbandman, "so is Lammas. I'll come and help you down, my sweeting!" It now became an absolute emergency that Dick should escape, for Gammon was actually putting his promise into execution, and his heavy steps sounded like a death-knell in the ears of the party. In this perplexity, Diana proposed that the gallant should conceal himself beneath the sopha, and afterwards escape when the farmer was a little in his cups. As this

appeared

appeared to be the only expedient, it was of course adopted, and Mrs. Gammon admitted her husband, who had by this time reached the chamber, in company with a favorite hunting dog. "I did not expect to see you so soon, my dear;" cried the lady.—" Mayhap not," joined Gammon, "but Farmer Hawbuck had gone to Lunnun, zo I couldn't speak to him about the colts." Every thing would have passed over very well, had not the dog unfortunately crept under the sopha, and smelling Dick, began to bark aloud. "Holloa!" cried the farmer, "why Smiler! what dost smell puss? To her boy! to her!

hold

hold her fast, my lad." The women gave up all for lost, and the animal in obedience to its master's commands, seized Distich, and began to drag him from beneath the sopha. Our hero finding it impossible to escape, rose from his concealment, and appeared before Gammon. "You have full cause for wonder," cried he, assuming a look of matchless effrontery, "at finding a strange man in your house: but love combats every thing to possess its object. With that intention I came hither, and I hope you will have sufficient consideration to judge rightly of the matter."—"Judge, with a p—x!"

cried

cried the astonished Gammon, "I am to judge that you came to lay with my wife."—"Far be it from me," continued Distich, "to entertain so unworthy a desire. No sir, my errand to your house was to gain an interview with the lovely Diana, who is the empress of my heart. With her I was discoursing when you arrived; but knowing you to be a person of the strictest morality, she dreaded you finding her in company with a man, and with the consent of her virtuous mistress, (with whom heaven long bless you) I concealed myself beneath the sopha, from whence I have just risen." This speech was

spoken

spoken with such an air of veracity, that the farmer believed all; while Diana with a multitude of blushes, owned it was too true. She then fell upon her knees, and implored her master's forgiveness, which the farmer granted; and our hero departed, blessing his stars that he had brought himself off so well by his own ingenuity.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL TANJORE

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

More of Fatalinida's eccentricities.—Our Hero is introduced to her as a priest.—The joy of Terence.—And a violent dispute between a tragic author and a tragic actor.

THE violent purgation which Fatalinida had undergone, created much astonishment among all who were ignorant of the charitable scheme of Mr. O'Whack. She herself was somewhat staggered, and imputing every circumstance to some improbable

bable cause, was fain to take up her old idea again, and gave her husband to understand that she was on the eve of bringing forth the long-expected pope.

Now Terence, who hoped by this stratagem to cure all her strange infatuations, found that he had renewed one equally mischievous, and in the agony of his soul cursed Fatalinida and the pontiff together.

The moment that this idea repossessed her brain, she quitted all theatrical concerns, and was thinking how she should purify herself accordingly. She at last resolved to have a Catholic priest, to give

her absolution, and enjoin her penance for her sins. Dick learning her intention, a thought struck him, that as a priest may be metamorphosed into many things, he in like manner might be metamorphosed into a priest. He therefore proposed the plan to Terence, who gladly adopted it, and it was resolved that Dick should disguise himself as a holy father, and visit Mrs. O'Whack. Our friar being properly habited, was introduced to the lady, who received him with great reverence. She conducted him to her closet, and gave him the journal of her sins with great penitence and exactness. She con-

fessed with infinite sorrow that the devil had of late filled her brain with many strange fancies; inasmuch that she had been induced to appear before the public as a man-eater; but that the spirit (the reader knoweth what kind of one) had checked her course, by causing those grievous pains and rumblings, to remind her of this approaching blessing. She likewise confessed with a multitude of contrition, that she had too much addicted herself to *Nantz*.——At this declaration the friar started back, exclaiming, "Nantz! gracious Heaven! thou must howl for this! —but proceed!"—She owned that

at

at divers periods she had hungered after the flesh, of which she now sorely repented, and disclosed a multitude of peccadillos not worth recording.

This part of the ceremony being over, Dick began to enjoin her penance, as became a good Catholic. First, he expressed his utter abhorrence to Nantz, and demanding her bottle, (which she drew from her pocket,) forbade her to taste of that liquor for the space of three months. Secondly, that she should obey her husband as became a dutiful wife, and no more perplex him with her whims and fancies. And lastly, that if he desired, she

should accompany him to London, and wait with patience the blessing of a holy delivery. All these particulars she promised most religiously to perform: after which, Distich eased her conscience, and retired to make Terence acquainted with the success of his mission. When the Irishman was informed of what had passed between Fatalinida and her confessor, he was in raptures; and resolved to put his wife's veracity to the trial immediately; declaring that he should never again behold a priest without gratitude and reverence.

But a dispute now arose in the barn which caused some disturb-

ance.

ance. Mr. Dermot O'Shinnaghly, the tragic author, and Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, the tragic actor, had been in a long dispute concerning their respective merits in their different capacities. O'Shinnaghly had owed Peregrine a grudge for some time, as he laid the damnation of one of his pieces to the wretched performance of the actor; while the other declared that he had suffered more peltings, hissings, groans, and hallooings, for personating the incongruous characters written by Dermot, than ever he had endured for any author besides. Indeed it always

proved a tragedy when Mr. O'Shinnaghly's productions were performed, and the *distress* was carried to the highest pitch. In the course of their dispute, Dermot likened the voice of Peregrine to the braying of an ass, and his action to the gesticulations of a monkey. The actor resolving to be no less complimentary, asserted that Dermot had no more brains than the sagacious animal to whose bray he had compared his voice; and that his imagination was like part of the hideous desert from whence he came, being wild and barren, without even possessing the

means of cultivation. The Irishman piqued at this, mimicked the performer's gestures and mode of delivery in a broad strain of caricature; while Peregrine pulled out O'Shinnaghly's tragedy from his pocket, and read some of the speeches in a tone of burlesque, pointing out the bad grammar, blunders, and contradictions. He likewise began to make some very unhandsome remarks upon the wife of his friend Mr. O'Whack, with whose cheek bones he took particular liberty. He dwelt with much acrimony on the height of her person, and asked Dermot if she was

not a giantess from Carrickfergus. He made various animadversions upon her acting, and ridiculed her late mysterious purgation. He likewise began to touch upon the character of her husband, whom he represented as an Irish rebel and a cuckold to boot. This sarcasm was too severe for O'Shinnaghly to bear with further patience, and he presented the reviler with a blow, that caused him to reel a few paces back; but the obligation was soon returned by Daggermar, who directed his fist with such judgment to the eye of the Hibernian, that

it

it was immediately surrounded by a black circle. But Dermot, who was no chicken, darted forward, and overturning Peregrine, jumped upon his body, threatening to kill him, and then it would be in vain *to ask* for life. In this situation they were found by the manager, who inquired into the origin of the dispute; and becoming acquainted with it, assumed an air of solemnity, and wondered that men of their acquirements should fall out in arguing what was already so conspicuous to the world.

He declared Mr. O'Shinnaghly to be an author perfectly original; his ideas were his own, his lan-

guage was perspicuous and elegant, his characters were consistent, his plots highly tragic, and his scenes beautifully diversified. Mr. Daggermar was at the same time an actor of sterling merit;—his articulation was plain, his pauses were just, his pronunciation was grammatical, his manner of delivery bold and energetic, his voice melodious, and his action appropriate and graceful. He therefore besought them to put an end to all further dispute, and henceforth be friends. This advice appeared so very reasonable, that it was immediately taken, and a reconciliation took place between the tra-

gic

gic actor, Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, and the tragic author Mr. Dermot O'Shinnaghly.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Distich makes a speedy retreat from the place—and meets with an old friend, whom the reader will perhaps not be sorry to meet with likewise.

Our hero's intrigue with Mrs. Gammon had been discovered to the husband. A fellow named Ralph, who was sweetheart to Diana, hearing of the declaration that Dick had made to the farmer, began to reproach the nymph with her

her infidelity; which caused her to entrust him with the important secret of her mistress's passion.

Now this Ralph had unwittingly disclosed the affair to some of Gammon's friends, who very obligingly made him acquainted with his cuckoldom; and the husbandman, after reproaching his unfaithful rib, vowed vengeance against the author of his shame.

This intelligence reaching the ears of our hero, he resolved to make a speedy retreat from the place, and proposed to travel to a neighbouring village, their next destination, and wait the arrival of the company.

He had not proceeded far on his way, before he discovered a great crowd, in the midst of which, he beheld a person mounted on horseback, who appeared to be addressing the multitude. He made up to the assembly with all expedition; but who can describe the astonishment of our hero, when he discovered the very identical image, substance, and physiognomy of the invincible and ever renowned Knight of the Weeping Willow. He was armed in his usual manner, save the spit, which was supplied by a long wooden stake shod with iron; he was mounted on the individual Dobbin, and addressing

the

the peasantry. "Well, as I was a saying," continued he, "I am come hither to challenge any one who shall not agree that the princess Rattamhusky is a pearl brighter than the sun, and that I am the most terrible and resplendent of knight-arrants." At this, a voice cried out, "Holloa, yaw Muster Madbrain, where be this here princess that yaw talk zo much about?"—"She is," replied the champion, "under the baneful power of the enchanter Anthroppumhayguts, whom God and his saints confound."—"It is a lie!" cried the uncouth voice, "she is some draggle-tail'd trull, and yaw

no

no better than yaw should be." Here the knight couched his lance, and urging Dobbin, exclaimed, "Thou base born plebeian, thou ill-contrived perverter of right, thou herring-gutted anatomy of a starved pilchard, thou incongruous jumble of falsehood and temerity! Canst thou, barbarian as thou art, thou body of infection, and soul of paste, insinuate that the peerless Rattamhusky, (ten thousand times more chaste than the ditch-delivered drab who brought thee forth,) is not a princess the most powerful and lovely in the known and unknown world?—Dar'st thou, presumptuous sinner! utter the

name of that unfortunate queen without thy bowels dissolving like molten lead? Hast thou sufficient effrontery, thou hell-contrived bantling of a Lapland witch! to treat that paragon of beauty with derision? Hast thou courage enough, thou spawn of Hecate! to insult her before the Knight of the Weeping Willow, the avowed champion of that afflicted fair! O, bowels of brass! soul of iron! recollect thou hast been reviling the chastest princess that ever breathed the vital air; the refulgence of whose eyes would annihilate thine organs of vision; the melody of whose voice would strike thee, barbarian, with

with awe; and who, but for the intercession of her valiant knight, would have torn thy soul from thy body, a dreadful example to all miscreants who should sully the unspotted chrystal of her name."

The presumptuous villager who had thus provoked the knight, started back with terror, while the multitude gaped with wonder and admiration. He rode through the crowd unmolested, and arriving at a small alehouse, alighted, and called for some refreshment. The host seeing such a strange figure appear, made the best of his way out of the knight's reach; but his daughter, a smart sensible damsel,

who

who had read something about chivalry, thought fit to humour his fancy, and bade him enter the house. She soon appeared with a cup of excellent ale, which Toby received kneeling, and consigned the draught to the fair Ratamouski.

But while our knight was drinking within, the multitude were busy examining his steed without. One bold villager attempted to mount him; but Dobbin being conscious of the honor of his master's station, and the importance of his own, began to bolt, kick, and play so many pranks, that the clown was lodged in a neighbouring

ing ditch. Dobbin having released himself of his unworthy burthen, returned to the spot, and patiently waited the re-appearance of his master.

When Toby had refreshed himself to his heart's content, he desired the ostler to give his palfrey some corn, which command being obeyed, he was about to depart, when the landlord (who had all this time kept aloof) seeing his guest make no signs to pay, ventured forth, and demanded reimbursement: to which Toby made the following reply. "Base-born peasant! how ignorant art thou of my quality, when thou demandest restitution for

what I have received. Know then, hobgoblin as thou art! that I am a knight-arrant, and carry no coin about me." He then rode off, leaving the host cursing his daughter for supplying Toby with ale, and the ostler, for giving poor Dobbin a meal.

Distich contrived to keep pace with him, resolving to witness some few more of his exploits, before he made himself known to him. He had not proceeded more than a mile from the place where he had been so nobly entertained, before he met two soldiers who had just taken a deserter: Toby seeing the poor fellow's hands tied, could not

comprehend

comprehend the meaning, and bade the party halt. " Come, come mister scarecrow" cried one of them " let us pass on; we are taking a deserter to the camp." " Insect as thou art! (vociferated Toby) know that I am a knight!—release, him I say." The prisoner, who was a cunning fellow, taking advantage of this, exclaimed: " O, thou rose, and carnation of chivalry! I beg a boon." " Valiant knight, 'tis granted," replied Toby.—" I am," resumed the deserter, " a powerful prince, my name is Horofungus, and these," pointing to the soldiers, " are two enchanters; *Uglifacio*, or the monster of the Crooked Nose;

and

and *Squintypeeperso,* or the dæmon of the Squinting Eye," and indeed, each of the soldiers were distinguished by these particular beauties. "They have robbed me of my kingdom, and torn me from the bosom my wife, the fair *Diddledandum!* who, saving your worship's presence, is the most beautiful lady in the world; her skin is smooth and white as a sucking pig's, soft as butter, and smells heaven preserve us! like a perfumed wash-ball."—"Stop there, sir knight," cried Toby, "she may be beautiful; but yet nothing to compare with the peerless Rattamhusky."—"Well," continued the

wag,

wag, " these here enchanters, are going to deliver me up to their chief —one—but no matter for his name, which is a mouthful of a word, and would take me ten minutes to pronounce.—Well, sir knight, this huge enchanter, will murder me, and then—lord deliver us!—will ravish my queen Diddledandum! who would tear out his ugly eyes before she would let the lewd rascal touch the tail of her smock." This extempore oration produced such an effect upon the soldiers, that they never offered to move, while Toby demanded that the prince Horofungus should be set at liberty; which demand being refused, he

discharged

discharged a blow at the foremost, who immediately kissed the earth. The other seeing the fate of his companion, and fearing that the deserter might escape, cried out, "You, sir knight, or sir Devil! You had better retreat, or I shall send a brace of bullets through your errantship's brains!" and levelled his piece at Toby. Distich perceiving the imminent danger in which the Knight of the Weeping Willow stood, stept forward, and requested the guard to take no further notice of him, for that he was a madman. Toby recognizing his old friend, embraced him affectionately, and begged per-

mission to chastise the insolent enchanter, who had refused to deliver up the prince. By this time the soldier whom Toby had overthrown, recovered, and rising from the ground, demanded satisfaction for the assault. Our hero offered to make him a recompence, on behalf of his friend, but this was refused; and he insisted that the knight should repair with them to the camp, which was but a short distance off, and answer for his conduct to the commanding officer of the regiment. Our champion was therefore under the painful necessity of journeying to the camp, in which excursion he was

attended

attended by Distich, who determined to stand his advocate in this troublesome adventure.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

The very fortunate sequel of Toby's adventure.

THE Knight of the Weeping Willow having reached the camp, the soldiers were filled with astonishment at beholding so strange a figure; and flocked round him, contemplating the vast singularity of his dress, and the skeleton appearance of his steed Dobbin. Finding himself surrounded by

persons

persons whom he supposed to be armed knights, and hearing the sound of drums, trumpets, and other warlike instruments, fancied that he had arrived at a tournament; and putting his person into a tolerably graceful position, addressed the soldiers:—" Valiant knights! ye, who in defiance of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, have enlisted in the glorious profession of chivalry, will doubtless compassionate the case of this unfortunate prince, who is persecuted by two fell enchanters, and torn from the bosom of his wife, the peerless Diddledandum! You know what it is to combat with

monsters, with swords half a league long, and mouths vomiting fire and smoke; and have lain groaning upon rocks, grinding your imperial guts to fiddlestrings! Will you then suffer these enchanters, (whom the devil and his imps torture upon red hot spits!) to deflower the ufflicted Diddledandum, the sublime and incomprehensible queen of the monster-slaying Horofungus!—Let your magnificent bowels melt within you, and your thrice valiant and unconquerable arms be raised in the cause of this wretched prince. Take his inexpressible and dolorous case into the mysterious cabinet of your stupendous considerations, and

come to the worthy resolution of rescuing him from the jeopardy of those ruthless monsters."

By this time the captain made his appearance, and hearing the charge against Toby, promised the deserter he should smart for his wit, though at the same moment he could not forbear smiling at the grotesque appearance of our champion. "Most courteous knight," cried Toby, addressing the officer, "I appear before you in behalf of this unhappy prince. It is the duty of a knight-arrant to succour the unfortunate, and who can be more truly wretched than he that is deprived of a lovely mistress?—

Yes, Rattamhusky! yes, divine jewel of my soul! thou knowest what I suffer. Though thou appearest before my sight under the mask of ugliness, though thy chin be overgrown with bristles, and thou possessest but one eye, yet is it in the power of thy true knight to smooth the one, and rectify the unseemly appearance of the other." The Knight of the Weeping Willow having uttered this sublime apostrophe, our hero gave the captain an explanation of the affair, and made intercession for Toby. The officer listened with great attention, and laughed heartily at the whimsical adventure. "If I am not mistaken,"

mistaken," cried he, addressing Distich, "I have had the pleasure of seeing you before, sir." Dick was much surprised, and demanded at what place. "At the house of one Titlepage;" replied the soldier. Our hero started at the name, and viewing the captain with particular earnestness, recognized the person of the half-pay officer whom he had so generously relieved, as recorded in the earlier part of our history. "Yes, sir," cried the grateful veteran, taking Dick by the hand, "accept my thanks for the generous act!" He then embraced him with great tenderness, swearing that he was happier in

meeting with him than if he had been made a general.

The knight was all this time busy in relating to some of the company the particulars of Ratamouski's enchantment; and though they could not give credit to all that he advanced, they nevertheless paid the most profound respect to one whom they found to be a mighty agreeable madman.

The officer willing to humour the disposition of Toby, approached him with great reverence, and falling upon one knee, exclaimed, "Thrice valiant warrior! otherwise surnamed the Knight of the Weep-

ing Willow, we who ourselves follow the glorious profession of chivalry, would manifest our respect and attachment, by granting thee some favor which thou should'st condescend to ask." He of the Weeping Willow hearing this, replied, "Most obliging Knight of the Scarlet Vest! help me then to release that unfortunate prince;" pointing to the deserter, who was still in the custody of the guards. The officer immediately desired the soldiers to free their prisoner, and bade his majesty fall down upon his knees, and thank his deliverer. The poor fellow half mad with joy, prostrated himself before the

 knight,

knight, and addressed him in the following strain:—"O thou, cream, custard, and cawliflower of knight-errantry! Protector of virgins, and cherisher of wives; friend to the poor, and enemy to enchanters! Thou body, soul, and bowels of chivalry! I, whom thou hast delivered, (sinner that I am, and unworthy to appear before thee,) give thanks for that liberty which thou hast graciously bestowed. Two hundred stripes hast thou saved my carcase, and a multitude of grief hast thou taken from my soul. My wife Tabitha shall rejoice; and my little ones, Moses, Joan, and Bridget, shall dance for glee. For thou

thou hast spared me and mine, and God be thy speed and protection for evermore." The knight then raised Horofungus from the ground, and embracing his highness, bade him be of good cheer. "Go," he cried, "and be happy in thy love! If thou should'st ever behold the peerless Rattamhusky, tell her that I, her unhappy knight am still pining in solitude, adoring her in silence, and by deeds of arms endeavoring to render myself worthy of her esteem!" This was pronounced in a tone so truly pitiful, that it melted the soul of a duck-legged drummer, as it reminded him of his own case; for the

the poor fellow had been crossed in love, and had strove to get rid of the beating at his heart, by that of his drum.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

The Knight of the Weeping Willow relates his adventures.

THE half-pay officer having settled every thing to the satisfaction of all parties, gave our hero the brief particulars of his history, since that period when he first met with him. "I need not repeat to you my forlorn situation," cried the soldier, "when I solicited the charity of Mr. Titlepage. I continued to languish

guish for some time in a state of hopeless poverty, occasioned by a severe fit of sickness, to defray the expence of which I had been obliged to mortgage my half-pay. Being thus left destitute, with a wife and family, I was one day pondering over the sum of my earthly miseries, when I heard of the arrival of my wife's brother, Colonel Standard, who had served for many years at Gibraltar, and was returned to enjoy the hard-earned fruits of his toils. No sooner did he learn the story of my distress, than he promised my family his protection, and got me promoted to my present rank.

Dick expressed great joy at the happy change that had taken place in the soldier's affairs, and in turn related the history of his adventures.

But he grew impatient to know what had brought Toby to the place, and questioned him accordingly; when the knight related the account of his peregrinations in the following manner:—

"When your honor left the village, it so happened that I was left in prison; because as why, I wanted to deliver the princess Rattamhusky, who is a delicate wench at bottom, though she wears a beard. Now having prayed more than a priest,

priest, and blasphemed Anthroppumhayguts with all my might, my mind began to misgive me, and I grew mopish. When one day Mr. Scriblerus came and took me home with him, and Lord bless us! stripped me of my armour, helmet and all! But I contrived, (with God's help) to get back my armour, and escaping from the house, repaired to the peerless Rattamhusky, whom I found (such is the force of enchantment,) squatted on a joint stool, with a huge knife, cutting a corn from her imperial great toe. No sooner did the afflicted damsel behold me, than she set up a loud scream, and

abused me for demolishing her casement, which still seemed to stick in the centre of her royal gizzard. Finding her so obstinately inclined, I departed; but not before the princess had cruelly discharged a marrow-bone at my skull, which, Lord have mercy upon me! made me as giddy as though I had been in liquor; and I shall carry the mark to my dying day." The knight then uncovered his pericraneum, and discovered a scar which still exhibited a very frightful appearance. "Ah!" continued he, "I have had as many bruizes as hairs on my head, and yet am treated like a fornicating

fornicating monster. Sinner that I am! my poor rump has been kicked until it has been as black as a piece of charcoal, and my unfortunate bones have rattled in my skin, like dice in a box. But what can't be cured, must be endured; and if it please God my posteriors must bear further flaggellation, and my pate more cudgelling; for I am a knight-arrant as the saying is, and am bound to fight with Old Scratch, if he come in my way. But I chanced to get into a little trouble, because as why; I broke Anthroppumhayguts's head, whom the folks call Lawyer Shark.

"Now

"Now what should he do but go and complain of me to the justice; when one Captain Mainmast told his worship that I was a poor galley, somewhat damaged in my upper decks, and requested him to set me at liberty. But a heavy misfortune befel me; I had lost my lance,—so I goes and cuts down a young ash belonging to Farmer Grub, and fixing a bit of iron at the end of it, made it look as much like a spear as possible. But alackaday, Mr. Scriblerus worried me so terribly, and his delicate daughter, who the folks say is going to marry

Davy

Davy Drone, the eldest son of Jonathan and Margery. Davy is an honest ——" "D—n his honesty!" cried the astonished Dick; "what, Maria going to be married?"—"So the folks say;" replied Toby. Whatever were our hero's sensations at this moment, he suppressed them, and bade the knight continue his story.

"Well, as I was a saying, they advised me to leave off knight-arranting; but what's bred in the bone can't be got out of the flesh; so I resolved to stick to the highway, though the folks said it would bring me to the gallows. So

having

having mounted old Dobbin, (who had just recovered from a fit of the staggers) I set forward to travel about the country. The first day I met with nothing particular, and passed the night in a barn. But on the second, (as the devil would have it) I met a man who was driving a huge flock of geese; the fellow had the impudence to bid me stand aside; upon which, I rode forward, and gave the plebeian a stroke with my lance, as a reward for his temerity. By this time some farmer's servants arrived at the spot, who carried me before a justice, and I was condemned to an hour's recreation in

the

the stocks. No sooner was I released from this earthly purgatory, than I mounted my steed, and hastened from a place where I had been treated so unworthily.

"I continued to travel for many days, sometimes without food, and sleeping on the cold earth. I chastised a low-born pedlar, for beating his poor ass in a brutal manner, because the wretched animal fell beneath a heavy load. I rebuked a tun-bellied churchwarden for turning an object of charity from his door. I drubbed a couple of cow-herds for misleading a beggar who was old, blind, and lame. I rescued an unlucky urchin from the

vengeance

vengeance of a farmer, whose orchard he had robbed of an apple; and was sorely pelted for reprobating the barbarity of a bull-bait. I was threatened with imprisonment for knocking down a brutal steward who was tearing an industrious farmer from his family, because he was in arrears with his landlord; and beaten by a peasant's wife for preventing her husband from beating her. My last adventure was in delivering the mighty Horofungus from the jeopardy of Uglifacio and Squintypeeperso, two mis-begotten knaves who wanted to ravish the afflicted Diddledandum."

Here the Knight of the Weeping Willow concluded his narration, which we have given *verbatim et literati*; and with the reader's permission, we shall now conclude the chapter.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

An adventure equally surprising and affecting.

THE information which Toby had given our hero, with respect to the impending marriage betwixt the daughter of Scriblerus and Davy Drone, created in his bosom no small share of astonishment and concern; for though he had never actually avowed his real sentiments to the ear of Maria, he had afforded her many proofs of a more than

ordinary attachment; and she in turn had given him reason to believe that he was not wholly indifferent to her. He therefore found it difficult to reconcile the report, for he could not suppose that the sensible Maria would chuse such a drone as poor Davy. However, as the story must have had some origin, he determined to ascertain the truth of it, by taking the earliest opporturnity of returning to the village.

The company now arrived at the place, having left the comic and tragic poets behind them; as also Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, who had been fortunate enough to creep

into

into the good graces of a wealthy yeoman's daughter, and had taken a trip to a certain place of amorous resort, where an accommodating son of Vulcan is ever ready to tie, or rather *forge*, the nuptial knot. "To be sure," cried the manager, "she was not a creature of the most engaging aspect, or elegance of figure; being red-nosed, squab, not over young, and most ridiculously affected; but her four thousand pounds were too great a temptation for Peregrine to withstand, and the wench wanted a husband." Our hero then informed the manager of his intention to quit the company, as some particular busi-

ness called him homewards. The player shewed great reluctance to part with Dick, and they separated with the strongest assurances of mutual friendship.

He next took leave of the half-pay officer, who presented Toby with an old sword, which he made him believe had lopped off the heads of fifty enchanters. Our knight therefore set great store by this invincible weapon, and girded it by his side.

As Dobbin was no fast goer, Distich contrived to keep pace with his companion; and in this way they travelled towards the village. They were passing through a de-

lightful vale, which was watered by a meandering river, when they beheld a female wandering upon its banks in a forlorn and despairing way. She often lifted her eyes to the heavens, as if to reproach them, and at last plunged into the stream. "Good God!" cried Dick, the poor creature is distracted; let us hasten to her assistance."—"Thou art mistaken," replied Toby, "she is some princess, who is inclined to bathe in that limpid flood."—"Pr'ithee, hold thy peace!" exclaimed our hero; "this is no time for fooling; she is rather some unfortunate wretch who hath

taken this rash method of flying from her miseries." He then hastened to the spot, and jumping into the river, brought her to the shore, in an apparently lifeless condition. By this time Toby came up, and Dick immediately dispatched him for assistance; but the poor fellow returned without any; for the villagers taking him for a madman, had paid no regard to his assertions. Our hero became distracted as to what course he should pursue; he cursed Toby for the ridiculous appearance he made; for the poor fellow stood staring, trembling from head to

foot,

foot, and giving him charge of the body, with strict injunctions not to stir from the spot, he hastened to gain that credit which had been denied our champion. His declaration soon drew a multitude to the place; and an aged villager of venerable aspect, no sooner beheld the breathless female, than he rushed forward, tore his white locks, and clasping the body in his arms, exclaimed, "My Mary! my beloved, long-lost child!" The tears then gushed down his furrowed cheeks, and he wrung his hands in all the agony of despair. "She is gone! gone for ever! But there is a God,—a good and just

God! His judgments shall fall heavy upon the wicked. Never more will she open those eyes! Never more shall I close mine,—but in death!—Is this to prove the end of my days?—Have I lived to see this?"—Sorrow here choaked his utterance, and he became insensible. During this period, different restoratives were applied to the young woman, who at last heaved a deep sigh; which indication of returning life caused a murmur of joy to proceed from the whole assembly. The old man rousing from his lethargy, started up, and finding his daughter (for such she proved to be) still lived, exclaimed

ed with wild rapture, "She is not dead! Heaven hath yet been merciful! What, my Mary, have you returned? Look! I am your old, fond, doating father, who hath wept many a long night since thine absence.—But this repays me for all!"—Every beholder participated in the joy of the aged parent; Dick wept abundantly, and Toby danced about laughing and crying in a breath. "But where is the preserver of my child?" cried the old man, the comforter of my grey hairs! Let him go with us to the cottage. And you, my good friends, many of you know what it is to be parents, join with me in a fer-

vent prayer to the seat of mercy. It hath refreshed my old heart, already so deeply pierced by misfortune. O, my child! what will thy poor mother feel! but come, and thy presence make her happy."

They soon arrived at a small neat cottage, situated at the bottom of the vale, and surrounded with trees, which gave it a romantic and beautiful appearance. Hither did the villager conduct his party, the seat of innocence and peace. The old woman no sooner beheld her daughter, than she uttered a loud scream and swooned away; but having recovered her senses, pressed her with rapture to her bosom.

som.

som. The sight was highly gratifying to our hero, and Toby seemed half distracted with joy. "And what could induce you, my child," cried the old man, "to leave this happy cottage, which would never have denied you its protection? But compose your agitated spirits, and think no more of the past; for by the power that created me, I will never utter a reproach to hurt those feelings already wounded in the deepest, cruellest manner. After many tender scenes had passed, which would be in vain to think of describing, the fair mourner began to relate what had

induced

induced her to make that rash and awful attempt.

"You are not ignorant, my dear parents," cried she, "of the attachment professed by Sir Charles Specious, during his short stay at our cottage; but little did you suppose that by his artful insinuations he was planning your daughter's ruin. When once he had gained a triumph over my virtue, I soon perceived his ardor cool; and my importunities and tears were answered with evasion and indifference. His abrupt departure from our cottage confirmed my suspicions of his infidelity; I now felt all the horrors of

of a guilty mind, and could no longer remain beneath the roof of those parents whose confidence I had so grossly abused. I therefore quitted this place, the seat of my tender years, leaving a letter (which you have doubtless found) to explain the cause of my conduct. I repaired to his seat, which I learnt was about thirty miles distant, and situated in the pleasantest part of Shropshire. I obtained an interview with him, but my situation was far from exciting his compassion, or remorse; he answered my entreaties with the most provoking indifference, and behaved in a manner that plainly shewed

the

the depravity of his heart. He had the cruelty to tell me that he was on the point of marriage with a young lady, whom he shortly expected, with her father, from London; and this he urged as an excuse for his usage to me. I could no longer bear his insulting behaviour, but retired from his presence, leaving him to enjoy the full triumph of his barbarity.

"I lodged some few days in a house, from whence I seldom emerged, and spent my time in solitude and tears. Melancholy took possession of my mind, I became weary of life, and resolved to rid myself of that obnoxious burthen.

This

This fatal resolution being fixed, I longed once more to behold my native home, though nothing there was capable of affording me consolation. I therefore retraced my steps, and having viewed the cottage for some time with silent emotion, pronounced a fervent blessing on its dear venerable inhabitants, and hastened (I blush to tell,) to yon river, where I hoped to put a period to my sorrows, with my existence; for I thought it less sinful to rush unbidden into the presence of my Creator, than to live and reproach his good providence."—"Young man," cried the villager, addressing our hero, "let this prove

prove a profitable lesson to thee! I admitted Sir Charles Specious into my cottage, when he had nigh fallen a victim to a dreadful accident. He was treated with all possible tenderness and humanity; my wife watched by his pillow, with the anxious solicitude of a mother, and he recovered. But how hath he shewn his gratitude?—By betraying my child, and bringing our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! You, sir, are young, and have passions; but can the impetuosity of youth prove any apology for cool and deliberate villany?—I am old, and past seeking revenge. Yet, Heaven forbid

that

that I should desire it. Let HIM, in whose hands are vengeance and power, punish the oppressor!"—"And is it not possible to bri g the villain to some account?" replied our hero.—"I fear not;" joined the old man, "though Mary can produce letters wherein he promised her marriage."—"If that be the case," exclaimed Dick, "he shall be compelled to fulfil those promises! Let the letters be carefully preserved; I myself will undertake to find out Sir Charles; and if arguments will not induce him to act uprightly, the law shall force him to do it. And then addressing the unhappy girl, "Take comfort,

comfort, fair mourner! your wrongs shall be redressed. The dark cloud of adversity begins to disappear, and heaven has yet many happy days in store for you." Hope now began to elevate every heart, and brighten every countenance; and our hero enjoyed the exquisite satisfaction of doing good.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Our Hero and Toby reach the village.—With many interesting particulars.

It was resolved that Distich should on his arrival at the village, immediately repair to the seat of Sir Charles Specious, which was but a few miles distant from the place. He therefore quitted the cottage, giving directions that the injured Mary, with her parents, should set

out

out for the house of his aunt in three days.

"I do begin to think," cried Toby, as they journeyed along, "that Rattamhusky's chin will require some other shaver than the Knight of the Weeping Willow. For if her majesty had been willing to lose those accursed bristles which so much offend my sight, her royal arm would never have lifted that huge marrow-bone against my skull. To be sure she may be a beautiful princess at the bottom, and well-bred into the bargain; though she seems to be a proficient in the vulgar tongue, and deals in all the tropes and figures

figures of Billingsgate."—"That, sir knight," replied our hero, "arises solely from her enchantment."—"And when the devil" demanded the other, "will her queenship suffer herself to be disenchanted?—Must I again attempt that work, at the peril of more hot water, and marrow-bones? God forgive me! my poor carcase aches at the remembrance! Sinner that I am! every drop was a smarting blister. However, if I am to marry her, let her get rid of that unseemly brush under her nose; for I have a mortal antipathy to women with beards." Dick and Toby continued to discourse upon

these

these topics for some time, during which our hero observed that his companion's faith in knight-errantry began to decline.

It was already dusk, when they were alarmed by a scream; Distich, fearless of danger, hied to the spot, followed by Toby; and presently a horseman passed them at full speed. They perceived a chaise, in which was an old gentleman and his daughter, who had just been robbed; and the postillion was lying on the ground, apparently lifeless. Our hero afforded them all possible assistance, and conducted them to a neighbouring inn, dispatching a servant to take

charge

charge of the wounded driver. The old man thanked Dick for his politeness, and informed him that they were travelling to the next village upon urgent business. The daughter appeared to be one of the loveliest creatures ever beheld; yet a settled melancholy pervaded her spirits, which whatever pains she might take to conceal, was still too visible to be overlooked. The anxiety of Distich would not suffer him to make any stay; he therefore took leave of the old gentleman and his daughter, and in due time arrived at his native spot, after an absence of nearly three months.

It would be impossible to de-

scribe the joy which Mrs. Meanwell felt upon the occasion. Scriblerus shook him heartily by the hand, while his reception from Maria was such as gave him no reason to dread the rivalship of Davy Drone. But he now found sufficient cause for astonishment; for the domestic arrangements of his aunt were entirely altered. He no more beheld the scarlet-spotted countenance of the deacon, the hypocritical grimaces of Doleful and Razor, or the rueful physiognomy of William Goose. His ears were no more disturbed by the discordant twangs of Timotheus and Simon, or the incoherent lamentations of the

the despairing tailor, who put others into purgatory, by praying himself out of it. Dick, utterly at a loss how to account for this wonderful change, questioned Scriblerus; who informed him that the deacon and his associates had entered into a confederacy, together with lawyer Shark, (who had become one of the faithful) to cozen the old lady out of her property. The deacon was to make professions of love, and offer her his hand; Shark was to draw up the deeds, while Doleful, Goose and Razor, as witnesses, should receive a proportionate reward. But it unfortunately happened that the old lady

 overheard

overheard one of their private consultations, and discovered so much art and iniquity in the plot, that she declined the deacon's pious offers, banished him and his hungry tribe from her house, and advised Shark to make *honesty* one of the articles of his creed. Our hero was not a little pleased with this information, and then introduced Toby, whom he had kept out of sight for the purpose of surprising him. The parish-clerk no sooner beheld the knight-errant, than he stood fixed with astonishment. But Dick explained the mystery, and though Scriblerus did all in his power to refrain from laughing,

he

he found it impossible to preserve his gravity during the recital of Toby's later adventures. "And pray," cried he, "wilt thou again hazard thy life to deliver that imaginary princess? Doth thy bones itch for another drubbing? Art thou desirous of once more seeing the inside of a prison?"—"God of his mercies forbid!" replied Toby, "Unfortunate wight that I am! my poor buttocks can shew as many colours as the rainbow; and I, that used to be five and six inches deep of good wholesome suet on my ribs, look as starved as a greyhound. If I am a knight, well and good; but if I must deliver

the princess for being one, the devil may take the knightship, and let me be plain Toby again! Honor won't mend a broken head. No, no, Toby, if thou would'st prove thyself an ass, go and get drubbed until thy bones shall be as soft as thy skull; but if thou art wise, put on thy night-cap, and bid honor good night."—"I heartily rejoice, my dear child," cried the parish-clerk, "to hear thee talk thus sensibly; thy reason is now returning, and thou wilt no more be troubled with those ridiculous fancies which have caused thee to go astray. The sight of thine armour troubleth me! thou shalt

shalt be stripped of that incumbrance, and once more appear in the semblance of a christian."

They were now joined by the supposed misanthrope, who appeared, bearing in the body of a man seemingly lifeless. He related that the gentleman had been attacked by some ruffians in the neighbouring forest, where he had found him in his present condition. Scriblerus with the most ardent solicitude, began to apply various remedies, and the wounded man exhibited some signs of life, upon which he was immediately put to rest. Every one was desirous of contributing to his comfort, and the

the host in particular; for humanity was the prominent characteristic of the parish-clerk.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJAH SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER

THE TANJORE MAHAL... * HAL.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Infidelity reproved, and constancy rewarded.

THE wounded person had during the night been very delirious, and uttered incoherent sentences, which indicated a disturbed mind. Towards morning he began to recover his reason, and the surgeon upon examination, finding that his wounds were not dangerous, he was able after a confinement of two

 days,

days, (during which he was treated by Scriblerus with all possible tenderness,) to proceed to his own house, which he informed them was but five miles distant. At parting, he offered his host a purse of gold, which was refused; and the stranger beholding such a rare example of disinterestedness in one whose situation did not appear affluent, was struck with admiration, while Scriblerus informed him that he had done no more than a duty which one fellow-creature owes his brother. "Since you are determined not to accept of my bounty," cried the stranger, "you surely will not deny me your

friendship;

friendship; for be assured that the house of SIR CHARLES SPECIOUS shall ever be open to receive one, who hath treated its owner with so much hospitality." Scriblerus promised to pay him a visit ere long, and Sir Charles departed from the cottage, contemplating the virtues of its illustrious inhabitant.

What was the surprize of our hero, when he discovered that the guest of his friend was no less than the person whom he was seeking! He gave him the whole particulars of that unhappy story, which accounted for those incoherent ravings that had so much puzzled and alarmed them. "What!" ex-

claimed the parish-clerk, "Have I cherished a seducer? Has my friendship been extended to the betrayer of innocence?—Alas! how little do we know who have just claims upon our humanity. Something must be done!—This forlorn, this injured girl, must have justice! Her aged parents shall live to see her honor confirmed! You say she is expected at the house of your aunt to-morrow. I will fulfil my promise, and wait upon Sir Charles; she shall accompany us;—and if his soul is not callous to every virtuous sensation, the wrongs of this innocent will plead with such force, that he shall not be able to resist them."

The

The wished-for day at length arrived, and the cottager's daughter, with her parents, reached the village. Scriblerus received her with the tenderness of a parent, and was almost ready to curse the wretch who could injure so much loveliness. They set out without delay for the baronet's seat, where they soon arrived. As it was judged proper that she should not be forced abruptly into the presence of her seducer. Scriblerus undertook to prepare him for the interview, while the supposed misanthrope should take charge of the trembling victim. They were accordingly admitted into a private

room,

room, while our hero and his friend were ushered into the presence of the knight. They found him in company with two persons, who proved to be the old gentleman and his daughter, whom Dick conducted to the inn, after they had been robbed. Sir Charles no sooner beheld his visitors, than he received them with great cordiality. "This visit is kind!" cried he, "permit me to present to you my future bride; (introducing the young lady,) the fair Narcissa will doubtless be happy to see those generous friends to whom I am indebted for the preservation of my life."

The

The soul of Scriblerus was stung with indignation, and he found it difficult to conceal it. "Sir Charles Specious," he cried, "you will, I fear, be less disposed to welcome me, when you become acquainted with the purport of my visit. I should not have made bold to declare it before the present company, had I not understood that this lady is destined for your bride: but as I consider it conducive to the happiness of all parties to speak the truth openly, I must not forego that duty through any fear of incurring your displeasure. Know then, that I appear before you in the behalf of an unfortunate girl,

girl, whom you have most cruelly injured. To your insinuating arts and promises she fell a sacrifice; you have ruined her peace for ever, and that of her two venerable parents, who will on their death-beds curse the inhuman betrayer of their child. Though your rank in life may exclude you from the execrations of your equals, who are too apt to make light of such crimes, it will not be able to quiet that silent monitor, your conscience, which will give you many a bitter pang. When I received you into my house, as a fellow-creature who had claims on my humanity, little did I suppose that I was fostering

one,

one, who denied the knowledge of that noble sensation. Your delirious exclamations too sadly denoted some inward guilt; and if it can give you such torment in this world, what will it not be able to do in the next?" The knight was not a little confounded at this bold appeal, but recovering from his surprize, addressed the parish-clerk. "I am perfectly sensible of the obligations under which I lay, but at the same time they cannot entitle you to make these dangerous accusations, of which I now declare myself innocent." "Mean, and pitiful," replied Scriblerus, "to add falsehood to ingratitude! I will produce one,

who

who shall bear testimony to thy guilt, and make thee tremble, prevaricator as thou art!" He then left the room, and returned with the villager's daughter, who nigh fainted at her entrance. "Now," continued he, "is it in thy power to prove thine innocence? Look at this unhappy creature, the victim of thy seduction! And wilt thou let her perish? God forbid! —for if so, thou wilt perish eternally." He then raised the drooping fair one.—"Come," said he, "thou hast the least cause to be ashamed." All this time the old gentleman, and his daughter stood motionless with surprize, while Sir

Charles

Charles was struggling with his inward passions. Finding it impossible to conceal his guilt, and feeling some remorse for his past conduct, he owned that the accusation was too true; and, to shew his repentance, expressed a resolution to do justice to the injured party. "For I am well convinced," added he, "that this lady, (meaning his late intended bride) "cannot but applaud the deed." He then approached the cottager's daughter, and straining her in his arms, exclaimed, "Come, my beloved Mary! let this prove a reparation for all my past errors; and may the confidence which you once reposed

in

in my honor, never more raise a sigh within that virtuous bosom." —" I would have travelled a hundred miles to have witnessed such a scene!" exclaimed Scriblerus, half mad with joy, while the tears of rapture trickled down his cheeks; " I can now embrace you, Sir Charles, with cordial satisfaction. We are all liable to err, and the bitterest reflection falls short of that pain which a feeling heart suffers in reflecting on its own errors." " But where is my good friend?" cried the baronet; " he who preserved my life? It was unkind in him to refuse me a visit." " He is in the house," replied Scri-

blerus,

blerus, "but his diffidence would not suffer him to appear before you." "It is I," replied Sir Charles, "who ought to feel ashamed in not being able sufficiently to reward his services. Let him be called, he shall henceforth be my friend and companion." Dick immediately left the room, and soon returned in company with the supposed misanthrope. No sooner did he enter, than the old gentleman's daughter gave a loud scream, and sunk into her father's arms, while our hero with difficulty supported the stranger.—"Good heaven!" exclaimed the terrified Scriblerus, "what can this mean?" But the mystery was

soon

soon unravelled by the parent, who informed the company that the person introduced was an old lover of Narcissa's, whom he had discarded on account of his poverty. The stranger having recovered from his violent agitation, addressed the old man:—" Chance, sir, has conducted me into your presence, upon which I never more intended to intrude; but this moment hath staggered my fortitude, and awakened all my sorrows."—" What!" cried Sir Charles, " and is this the unfortunate MANNERS, of whom I have heard so much? whose constancy was unparalleled, and whose honor unimpeached;

and the preserver of my life too! Enough.——Mr. Melford, I have heard from your own lips the story of this young gentleman's passion for your daughter; and though I might formerly dislike him as a rival, I could not but revere him as a man. That cause is now removed, and I hope I shall not forfeit your esteem, when I request you will bestow the fair Narcissa upon one who has long tenderly loved her, and is more worthy to possess her than myself." The old man's countenance denoted surprize and displeasure; but the arguments of Scriblerus, (who proved himself a Demosthenes upon the occasion,)

and

and a hint from Sir Charles, that possessing the deeds of the young lady's fortune, he might present them to Manners, forced the obdurate parent to listen to reason; and he, with some reluctance, consented to make the young couple happy. It would be impossible to describe the joy of all parties; our hero shared in the general satisfaction, and Scriblerus danced about with fresh vigor, exclaiming—

"*Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis!*"

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

Short and sweet.

As our hero had done so much for his neighbours, it now became necessary that he should do something for himself; and while he beheld so many around him in danger of being tied in the noose of matrimony, he felt a secret desire to become one of that honorable community. He had been so much immersed in business since his re-

turn to the village, that he had found no opportunity of inquiring into the truth of that report concerning the expected union betwixt Maria and Davy Drone.

Now Davy was an honest lad, fond of hard work, and capable of doing many odd jobs. Jonathan his father, kept a small farm, of which Davy was superintendant; and Margery his mother, was famous for her black puddings, of which Davy ate abundantly. He was a powerful wrestler, an expert cudgel-player, a good shot, and a tolerable huntsman. He was a clever hand at setting a psalm, and could read without much spelling, He could

leap in a sack, throw the quoit, and few could beat him at hustle-cap, or chuck-farthing. But love had never smote his heart until he beheld the fair daughter of Scriblerus, whose countenance was so much improved by a new straw hat, with cherry-coloured ribbons, that he left off following the plough, to follow his mistress; or to use more poetical language—

"This shepherd once so strong and mettled,
A gloom was in his features settled;
He seldom spoke, yet often sigh'd,
But still the wretched cause denied.
He stalk'd about, and look'd so vacant,
The people knew not what to make on't,
They marvell'd much to find the reason
Why late he look'd so pale and weazen;

All thought him suddenly grown lazy,
And swore him either drunk or crazy.
No gun was heard to kill or scare one,
And nought gave pleasure but the fair one."

In consequence of this, old Jonathan waited upon Scriblerus, and related the particulars of his son's attachment. But alas! poor Davy gained nothing better than pity, and was condemned to wear the willow. Rumour had magnified this adventure into an intended marriage, which gave rise to the declaration of Toby. But we since learn that Davy is going to take a bride in the person of a dairy-maid, a hale buxom wench, whose exterior promises to propagate the breed

breed of Drones to the end of the chapter.

Our hero being satisfied as to this particular, made certain overtures to Maria, which caused her tender bosom to flutter with sensations hitherto unknown; and she confirmed his hopes with a smile, which Distich thought to be the sweetest that he had ever beheld. When Scriblerus became acquainted with these proposals, he testified great satisfaction. "My dear boy!" he cried, "I give thee my child with pleasure; but I am poor; thou must expect little else from me, but my blessing." Dick then informed Mrs. Meanwell of his

 intention,

intention, who raised no obstacles to the match; for she bore a high respect for the parish-clerk, and considered his daughter as a modest discreet damsel. She had moreover great faith in the prevailing influence of a curtain-lecture, and thought marriage the best thing to keep young men within proper bounds. She therefore consented that their union should take place whenever it was judged expedient; promising to make the bridegroom a present of four thousand pounds on their wedding-day. We shall not pretend to describe the joys and fears of Maria at the idea of becoming a bride, or the

anxious rapture of our hero in anticipating the bliss that awaited him. Scriblerus was delighted with the prospect of an union which would doubtless produce something to render his old age happy; though he could not help wishing Dick the enjoyment of a quiet life.

The supposed misanthrope, or rather, GEORGE MANNERS, having obtained Mr. Melford's consent to lead the lovely Narcissa to the altar, they were united at the parish church, as were DICK DISTICH and his beloved MARIA. Sir Charles Specious and his once unhappy Mary were privately mar-

ried at his own seat, in the presence of the old cottager and his wife; who did not fail to call down blessings on Dick and Scriblerus for their noble interference.

May this prove a lesson to all who shall be impious enough to arraign the judgments of Divine Providence; the ways of which, though conducted in a dark mysterious manner, never fail to turn out for our ultimate good. Let us with humble hope put our trust in that Being, whose mercy is infinite, and whose wisdom can never err; confident of a more than sufficient reward if we act uprightly. And whatever troubles may distress us

here,

here, let us look forward to a brighter prospect; and in the midst of every earthly trial, may our tongues utter, and our hearts confirm the exclamation—

> " As through this thorny vale of life we run,
> Great Cause of all effects!—THY WILL BE DONE."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S S... MAHAL

CHAPTER

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In which this delectable history in concluded.

WE have now, gentle reader, arrived at the last stage of this true history: all parties are made happy, and happy shall we be if our work meet with thy approbation. It only remains for us to give some account of those illustrious persons who have made a figure in this relation, conformably to the just rules of biography.

First,

First, then, we speak of the Deacon, who since his banishment from the house of Mrs. Meanwell, hath partly got rid of that huge bulk which so lately adorned his person: his countenance also exhibits a paler hue. Timothy Doleful is obliged to stick closer to his forge; Simon Razor to his shaving, and William Goose must now cut his coat according to his cloth. Considerable reformation hath already been worked in the soul of Lawyer Shark; he hath made three extempore exhortations from a three-legged stool, and left off pleading at the bar, to plead for poor sinners, so that we may exclaim

claim with Hamlet, "Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?"--The Princess Ratamouski, otherwise Mrs. Snapdragon, is now likely to pass the remainder of her days in quiet; for the Knight of the Weeping Willow, alias Toby Tripeface, hath resolved never to make another attempt for her deliverance. This resolution hath so much delighted Scriblerus, that he spares no pains to bring him to his senses, and hath, moreover, declared his intention of employing him in his school, the moment his brain is sufficiently composed. But we have to record a dismal story, namely, the death

of

of Dobbin, who departed this life three days after his return to the village. Toby for some time continued truly inconsolable; he wept over the body of his venerable servant, who had so faithfully borne him through all his exploits. He lies buried beside an old yew in the garden of Scriblerus: his epitaph was originally intended to be, "*Alas, poor Dobbin!*" but Dick hath honored him with a latin one, which runs thus: "*Semper honos, nomen que tuum, laudes que manebunt.*" Captain Mainmast cracked many sailors' jests upon Dick's Marriage: he told him to man his vessel well, pepper her hull, box

his

his compass, and make all sail; and he'd forfeit a can of rumbo if she wouldn't unload a cargo before the year's end. A few days after the wedding, our hero was agreeably surprized with a visit from his friend Pegasus Highfly, who came to take possession of a small cottage in the village, bequeathed him by an old relation. Scriblerus expressed much joy at his arrival, and paid Fanny divers compliments on her beauty. He likewise talks of resigning the office of parish-clerk, in favor of Highfly, and devoting the whole of his time to the instruction of his pupils. The wounded man has now perfectly

recovered;

recovered; Scriblerus treats him with great kindness, and employs him in the cultivation of his little farm. He is most truly penitent for his former bad life, and promises to become an useful member of society. Mr. O'Whack writes that his wife has become perfectly tractable: her promises have been most religiously observed, nor has she ever attempted to renew her visits to the Nantz bottle. Mr. O'Shinnaghly, the tragic author, talks of returning to London, for the purpose of presenting one of his tragedies *("All for Physic,")* to a London manager; and we sincerely hope that a gentleman of

his

his merits will meet with due encouragement. As for Aristarchus, the Critic, he hath just immerged from the chambers of the Fleet, and is still ready to prosecute his industry in the old cause. By reason of Mr. Titlepage's confinement, (for the publisher still continues in "durance vile"); he hath applied to several booksellers for employment, who have very prudently rejected his offers. But we since learn that the Sonnetteer, in concert with the Deacon, and Lawyer Shark, hath become a principal writer in the ECLECTIC REVIEW, and is a particular friend to *zeal without innovation.* The

Deacon

Deacon is just about publishing two volumes of *Essays*, which Lawyer Shark hath undertaken to criticise: and in return for this kindness, the preacher promises to recommend a volume of *Lectures*, which the attorney has in the press.

We hear that Mr. Lampoon, the Biographer, is just going to take possession of that apartment which the epigrammatist hath kept warm for him; where he resolves to write the life of the first man that offends him. The remainder of the authors are going on in their old jog-trot way; except Mr. Sable, who hath quitted the profession,

 and

and obtained an official situation, where his talents will be better employed, and his labours more amply rewarded.

We have now brought our history to a fair conclusion.—If the Hero hath been guilty of some few extravagances, may the reader pardon him as freely as we do. For, if we are to credit the assertions of certain philosophers, being *married*, he is already in the straight road to *mortification* and *repentance*.

THE END.

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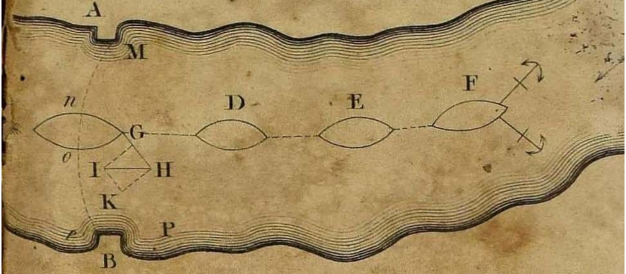
Fig. 1. pag. 38.



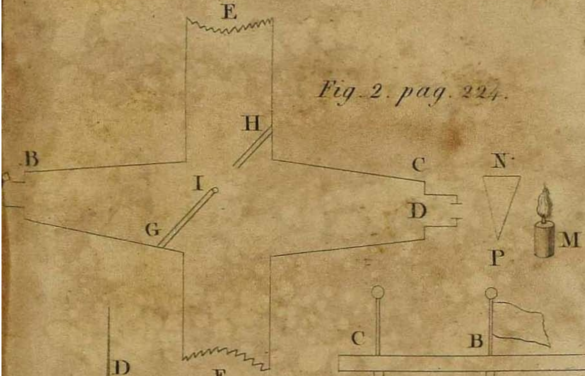
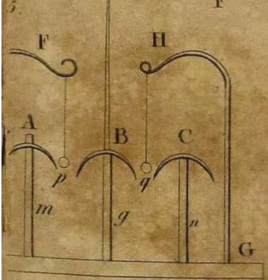


Fig. 2. pag. 224.



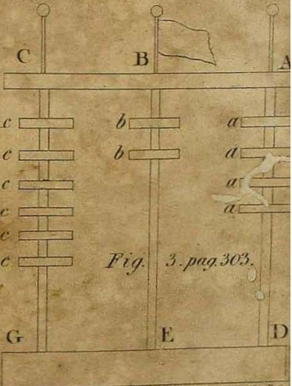


Fig. 3. pag. 303.

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